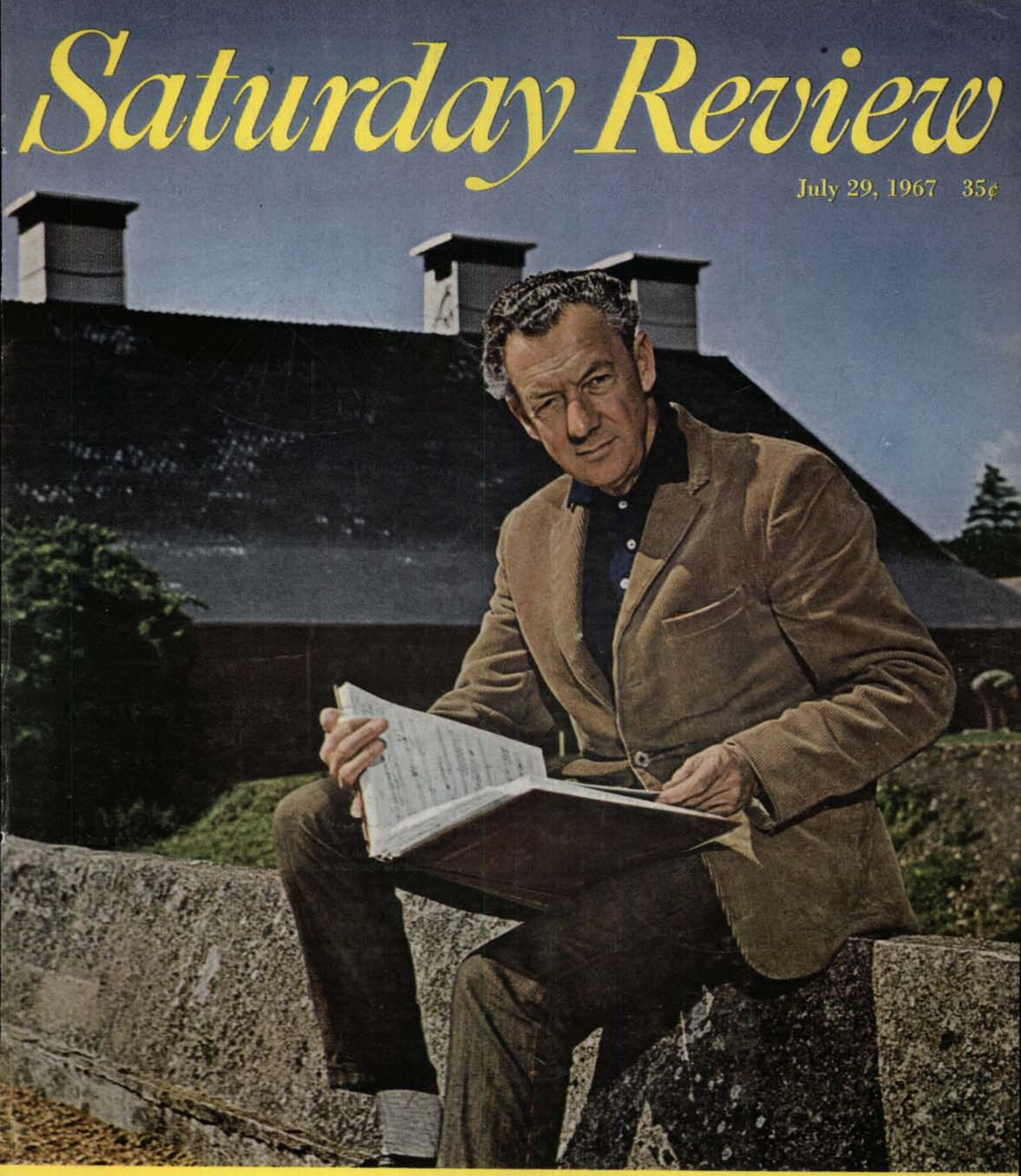
Saturday Review

July 29, 1967 35¢



Composer Benjamin Britten near his home on the Suffolk coast. In the background the new concert hall dedicated for this year's Aldeburgh Festival. (See Recordings)

RECORDINGS

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED

By Danilo Dolci

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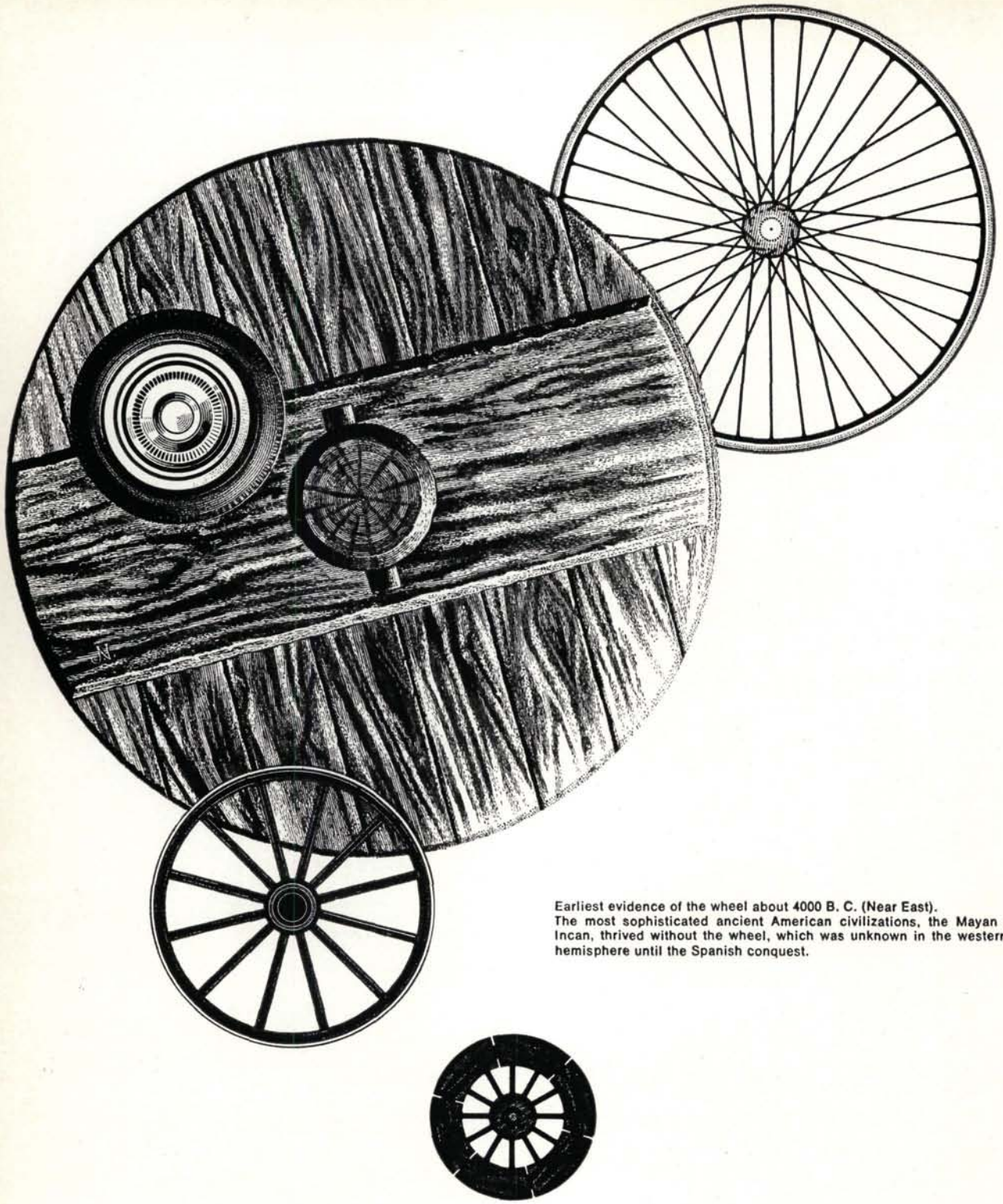

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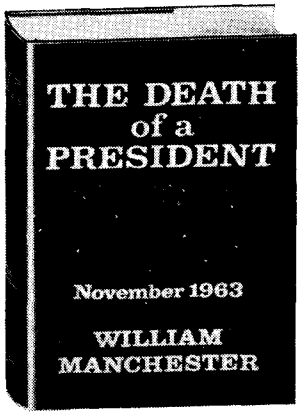

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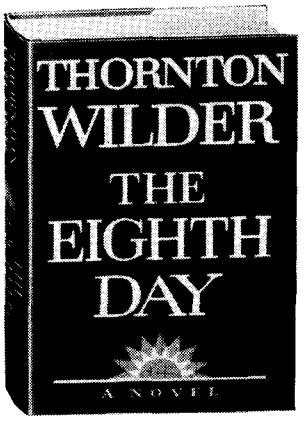

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"The dirtiest trick that the Arabs could play on the Jews would be to make peace with them." This is one remark quoted in a remarkable book which Doubleday published, with grim timeliness, at the end of the "little war."

The significance of the remark is that anti-Semitism, ironically, has helped to sustain Jewishness in Israel. The significance of the book—*The End of the Jewish People?*—is shown by the acclaim that has greeted it.

"One of the rare books," Robert Alter wrote in *Commentary*, "that become 'events' . . . because they are truly events in the realm of ideas." When the book was first published in France, its popular success was all the more impressive because it is sociology. But its author, Georges Friedmann, is not only a truly eminent sociologist; he is also a man, a Jew, and a fine writer. I have defended the writing of certain sociologists before but Dr. Friedmann makes my case all the stronger. Daniel Bell says—"The combination of disciplined sociological investigation and personal reflection gives it a rare quality. . . . This is the best book on Israel I have read."

The End of the Jewish People? stirs that troubling question—is Jewishness on the way out in the Jewish state? Their 'minority' problem is a majority—60% of the Israelis come from North Africa, Asia, and the Middle East, rather than Europe.

The kibbutzim, founded on collective effort, now hire paid labor. Religion is on the decline among the young—except among American Jews, some of whom want Israel to be more Jewish than they are, to make its religion a museum piece.

For an understanding of the nation that turned from under—to top-dog in the Middle East within a week, read the book that our own folk sociologist, Harry Golden, says "is an education, a major contribution to our understanding of Israel, Jews, and literature."

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The End of the Jewish People? ($5.95), by Georges Friedmann, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 14 Wall Street, New York, 10005.

Saturday Review

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July 29, 1967

SR: Ideas

12 What I Have Learned: Tools for a New World, by Danilo Dolci
17 Murder of a Nit-Picker, by Leo Rosten
18 Postscript to Glassboro: An Editorial
20 Classics Revisited: The *Greek Anthology*, by Kenneth Rexroth

SR: Recordings

41 Britten at Aldeburgh, by Irving Kolodin

SR: Books

21 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
21 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

3 Top of My Head: Goodman Ace
4 Phoenix Nest: Martin Levin
6 State of Affairs: Henry Brandon
10 Trade Winds: Herbert R. Mayes
11 Wit Twister No. 18
19 Letters to the Editor
22 Literary Crypt
27 Literary I.Q.
34 The Theater: Henry Hewes
35 Booked for Travel: Neville Braybrooke
37 TV-Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon
38 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight
39 World of Dance: Walter Terry
59 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1738

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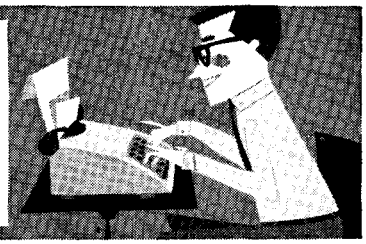
Top of My Head



Like Pulling Teeth

ANSBACHER & MIHALIK, INC., are printing designers. They print annual reports, speeches by corporation presidents, board members, and the like.

They were in their office in downtown New York one day when they noticed that the cover on their adding machine was wearing out and the machine was gathering dust. So they sent away for a new cover to the people who sold them the machine.

The cover arrived and it was followed by a letter, of which they sent me a verifax copy:

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L. J. Ansbacher writes: "You may care to print this example of the limitations of automation."

I do indeed. Indeed I do, Mr. Ansbacher. And indeed you should count yourself fortunate. Because this reminds me of a bill I have just received from an extractionist who pulled four of my teeth. (Everything seems to remind me lately of my four uprooted teeth.)

This dentist does not have a computer. He has a wild abacus. But it doesn't have the marble counters that are pushed across a wire to compute a bill. It has the extracted teeth of his patients. Mine joined that debilitated group recently; he rattled our teeth merrily across his Neanderthal computer which clicked off a bill for $400. I would mention his name but I understand it is not ethical for a DDS to advertise or to be advertised.

It *is* obviously ethical for a DDS to send this exorbitant bill to a PhD. Patient Hit by Dentistry.

His bill was not sprayed with digits and geometric doodlings — B100AE 0 900+644=¼988. None of that—which I always think of as a computer's scratch-pad homework, as it struggles laboriously to come to a bill of some reasonably accurate sum.

The bill simply read: "$400." To dignify the amount, the dentist's abacus had printed out: "Oral Surgery . . $400." That was it, in all its aural grandeur; compact, neat, tidy, antiseptic—a clean bill of health.

The story is this, Mr. Ansbacher—got a minute? Fine. You may smoke if you like. The story is this: You may have felt let down by what you call "the limitations" of an automation which has created monster computers that cannot send bills for less than $8.50. On the other hand you are thrice blessed that the Olivetti Underwood people don't use abaci.

Yes, abaci! As in "Abaci omnis divisa est in partes tres." Or "Abacuses can charge you three times what a job is worth." The computer at Olivetti Underwood could easily have dashed off a bill for $8.50 without a twinge of conscience. But did it? No, sir! And Ansbacher & Mihalik are richer by $5.60, thanks to automation.

Perhaps it is expecting too much of a dentist's office to house a computer. Especially after a patient has sat in the anteroom (my home away from home) waiting to get the chair, and idly leafed through the magazines spread before him. And he reads that the *Spirit of St. Louis* made it to Paris, that the Maginot line was cracked, that Babe Ruth had hit home run No. 714, and that Marion Davies never looked lovelier in a movie which opened last week at Grauman's Chinese.

You, Mr. Ansbacher, are finished with your problem. But what happens when I try to justify that bill to Medicare?

"A bill for $400 to pull four teeth? How long were you hospitalized?"

"Not at all. It was done at his office and he sent me home."

"Any postoperative treatment offered?"

"No. Oh, yes. When I stepped out of the chair he did offer a cup of coffee."

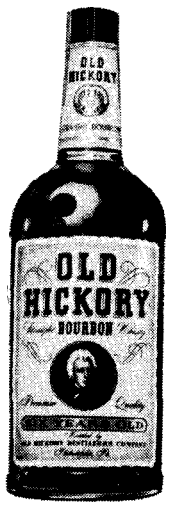
"Oh, well that explains it. Did you accept?"

"No."

"Amount denied! And turn in your Medicare card. Next case."

—GOODMAN ACE.

OLD HICKORY
Sip, sip, hooray!



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Current Medicine

Computer, Spare That Physician

I LEARNED a distressing thing at my doctor's office recently. It wasn't from my doctor, who was at an embassy ball and didn't keep our appointment, but from one of the back-date magazines on his marble-top waiting room table. In an article, digested from someplace else, I learned of another new breakthrough in medicine. The piece told how computers and related hardware are quietly taking over the tasks of doctors, particularly in the areas of examination and analysis. The author implied that in a few years most real doctors will be put out to pasture and the machines will be in charge. What this means for physicians I'll let the AMA worry about. It's the future of us patients that's bothering me.

If you're like I am (and I have statistics proving 74 per cent of you are) then you know that any cure depends not only on medicine and treatment but on all those little quirks and bits of business your doctor accompanies his therapy with—throat clearings, conversational drifts, eye gleams, etc. Unless IBM and Rand build this sort of thing into their medical automatons, I see nothing ahead but doom and relapses.

The most obvious unmedical thing about a computer is that it's always there, especially those big ones. You call up an automated electrocardiograph machine and it's bound to be in. There is no answering service to tell you, "I'll try and locate it." Unless remedied, this will take the hide-and-seek fun out of the medical profession and eventually rob hospitals of one of their most endearing characteristics—those loudspeakers always trying to find the doctor. "Calling Dr. Huttenback, Dr. Gurr wanted in surgery, Dr. Cotlow report to the recovery room." The technical end of building this into computers I'm not sure of. Somehow, though, the medical machines are going to have to be programed to move around and disappear at times. Maybe if they were just put on wheels.

And you can bet at present no direct data connecter on a medical computer is fixed to take phone calls while it's examining you. Think of all the free medical information you get by listening to your doctor taking calls from other patients. "That nose sounds bad, Mrs. Wagenknecht. Cut out all citrus and try to get a week in at Palm Springs. That's what I'm doing as soon as I finish up here." Without paying a cent you know what to do if your nose ever sounds bad.

Another thing you can't help noticing about machines is that they have no small talk. They process your data and that's it. No machine currently on the market suffers from doctor's drift, which is where your physician starts talking about your illness and slowly wanders into a discussion of bullfighting, Truman Capote, mysticism in science fiction, ballet, and hereditary madness. It shouldn't be too difficult to build some reassuring meaningless conversation into machines, using something like, say, electrominiaturizing.

Computers will have to be folksy if they're going to replace doctors—so that they'll be able to take over the task of saying things like, "Look, I could give you some fancy antibiotic for this. Instead I think you should go home and chew on some hickory bark." And there has to be a way to wake a computer up in the middle of the night with a phone call, and a way of programing it to say, "Take two aspirins and call me in the morning."

It's hard to look up to and envy the current crop of computers. With a live doctor you drive into the parking lot behind his medical building and you feel better just parking your 1964 Volkswagen next to his rebuilt Cord. Here probably something as simple as adding a little chrome and a bucket seat to existing computers should do it.

By acting rapidly and using some of my suggestions, the computer industry can make the changeover from human physicians to mechanized practitioners smoothly and without trauma. But I don't know whom they'll get to do the watusi at next year's embassy ball.

—Ron Goulart.

Poorest of the Poor

IT HASN'T gotten to the point that my children throw their clothes away when they get dirty, but nobody can deny that the kids are better off than I was when I was their age. They all have bicycles, tennis rackets, and allowances, and more often than not can be seen inserting something sweet and fattening into their mouths. At other times, the same mouths might be hanging idly open in front of the color television or reminding me how poor we are because we don't have a built-in swimming pool. For them, being poor in our peculiarly affluent fashion is nothing less than a disgrace.

It's times like that when my mind hobbles back to the late depression days

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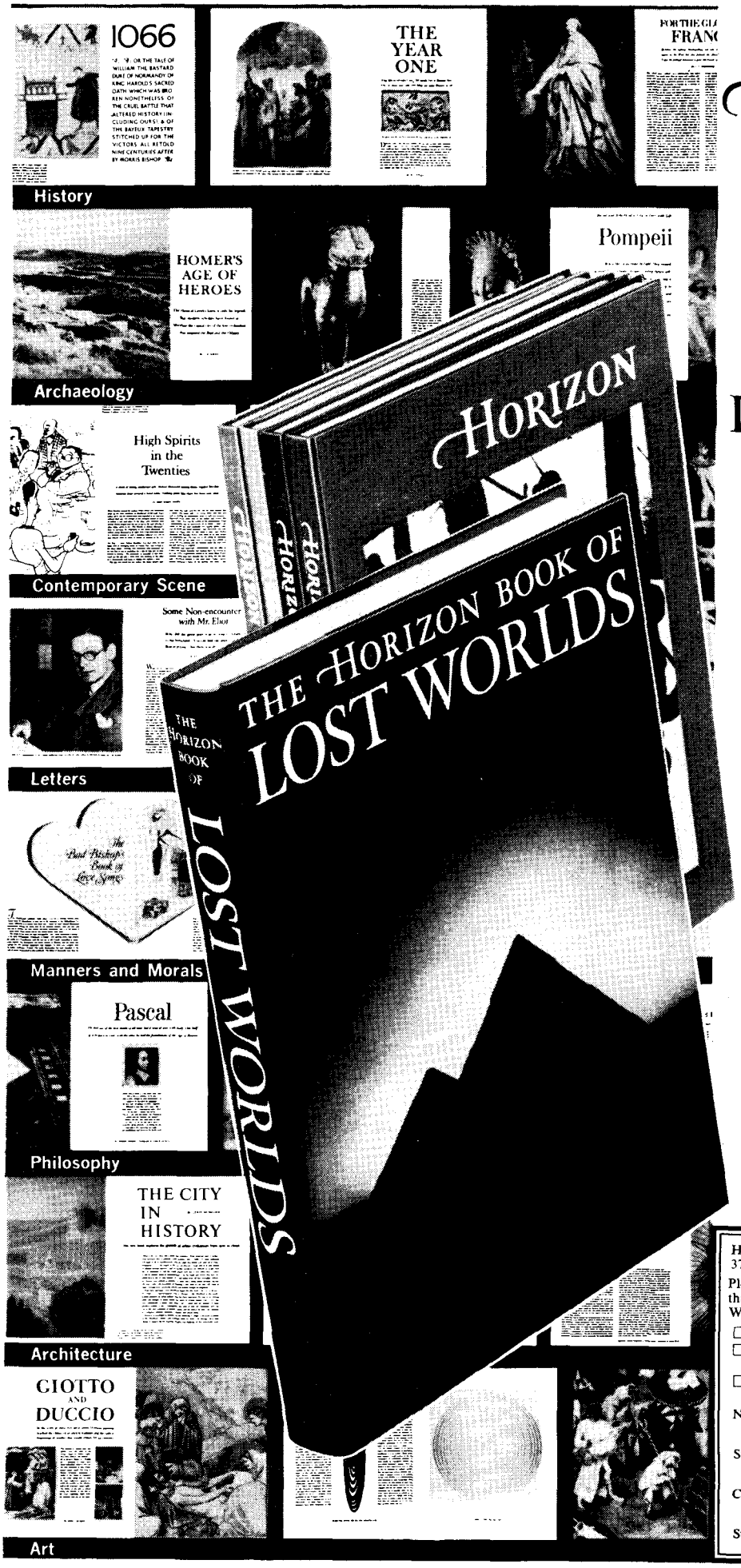

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and my arch rival in poverty who lived up the back. Those were the days of relief checks, the NRA, CCC, PWA and WPA; days when we found a kind of glamour in being poor, and the poorer you were the more prestige you had. From the outside, it might look as if we were evenly matched. Neither of us had bikes, allowances, or tennis rackets; and an ice cream cone was as remote from our experience as a built-in swimming pool.

In our neighborhood, nobody was really well off and it was easy to tell what family somebody belonged to by the pants, caps, sweaters, and dresses that moved like immutable genetic traces from the oldest member of the family to the youngest. Still my friend and I saw the distinctions in our respective poverty-stricken states and accentuated the differences with remarks like:

"You think *you're* poor. You should be in our family, boy. Then you'd know what *real* poor is!"

The rules for determining the poorest of the poor were strict and unbending, but they were usually accepted philosophically by winner and loser. The fact that my friend's family was on relief and we were not should have given him more of the dark dignity of poverty than I had, but his family lowered his score by sending *us* relief packages over the back fence. They were not only surplus, but *surplus* surplus: packs of marrowfat beans, tons of graham flour, and who knows how many cans of grapefruit juice marked "not to be sold."

NEITHER family had a car, but I lost ground with an uncle with a 1936 Ford. The fact that he won it in a raffle made no difference. In the matter of clothing, the highest poverty score would go to the one who wore hand-me-downs from *outside* the family circle. To point up other subtleties of judging who was poorest, we might engage in exchanges that ran like this:

"You're not so poor. You got a radio."

"So do you. What kind do you have?"

"Philco. What's yours?"

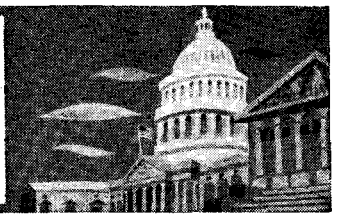
"Philco. What year is yours? Ours is 1935."

"So is ours. But we got weak tubes. We're poorer than you are."

As I said before, about all that my children lack is that built-in swimming pool they keep bringing up. Aside from that they have disadvantages they don't even know about. Not anywhere in those hundreds of cardboard houses that stretch row on row as far as the eye can see is even one friend who would listen to their complaints, show the holes in his socks, and say, "You think *you're* poor. You should be in our family. Then you'd know what *real* poor is."

—JOHN F. HENAHAN.

State of Affairs



Grandeur Diminished

WASHINGTON.

IT HAS BEEN something of a tradition that European statesmen who visit Canada also come to Washington to meet with the American President. It has never been a must, but in the eyes of the visitor it adds importance and usefulness to his sojourn in the Western Hemisphere. But on the occasion of General de Gaulle's highly political visit to Expo 67 in Quebec there has been no suggestion of a side trip to Washington. And nobody is surprised; nobody is making an effort to bring such a meeting about. The reason is that General de Gaulle is not interested in an encounter with President Johnson. And so we have today a situation where it is possible for the American President to meet with Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin, but not with General de Gaulle. One thinks it is an advantage to be in communication with Mr. Johnson; the other, that it is a disadvantage.

General de Gaulle will certainly go down in French history as an outstanding leader and a great patriot who gave France a position of strength in spite of her relative powerlessness. But how will he look in the end in the perspective of world history? He had a great chance of being celebrated as a world leader and seer in world history books, too, but I doubt this is still likely.

For those like myself who have admired him, this is a particularly sad conclusion. The simple reason that world history books are likely to remove much of his halo is that, in a world where nationalism is in decline and interdependence a growing necessity, he remains a stubborn, shortsighted, and egotistical nationalist. His influence on international policy has been close to disastrous. He has succeeded in isolating France and in undermining European and Atlantic unity without any compensating accomplishments either for France or for anybody else. And so today he is alone among European leaders in trying to prevent Britain's entry into the Common Market.

He is responsible for the rapid decline of the defense structure of the West, and, at the recent United Nations emergency assembly on the Middle East, France, alone among the six members of the European Community, voted with the Communist countries and the Arabs for the resolution of the so-called nonaligned nations. Even some of the French-Africans ignored the French lead. France also only abstained from a Cuban amendment accusing the United States of aggression in the Middle East. But the General does not seem to mind France's estrangement from all her allies. He glories in his splendid isolation. The Kiesinger government, which was anxious to restore the Franco-German alliance after its deterioration, is finding that it is of little use, and the Common Market countries feel frustrated by the Gaullist outlook.

De Gaulle's attacks on American policy in Vietnam have not resulted in increasing French influence in Hanoi or in advancing France's role as a mediator. His much-advertised visit to Latin Amer-

(*Continued on page* 10)

"Miss Binter! Who authorized this unauthorized leak?"

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Continued from page 6

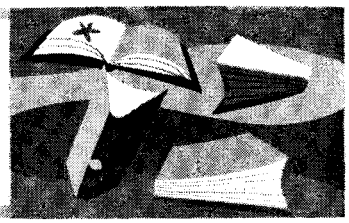
ica has borne no fruit. Nor has the championing of the Arab cause impressed the "Third World" of developing countries. He admittedly strengthened French oil interests in the Middle East, but his own public statements and his support of the pro-Soviet bloc in the United Nations have deprived him of all pretense to neutrality. It is becoming more and more difficult to understand the strange convolutions of the Gaullist mind. There is something desperate about his more recent pronouncements. The coherence and some of that earlier vision are missing. There may be grandeur in massive pettiness, but not in petty pettiness.

Perhaps, Mr. Kosygin's visits to Paris notwithstanding, it has deeply hurt President de Gaulle that his proposal for a Big Four meeting was rejected by the Russians and that, instead, the emphasis was on a Big Two meeting. His failure to lift France to "Big Power" status was thus exposed. Still, de Gaulle has the power of veto, and he takes pleasure in exerting it wherever he can. He interferes with American policies wherever he can and he goes to Canada not like others adhering to protocol, but to purposefully feed the flames of French-Canadian nationalism. President Johnson has carefully refrained from criticizing the French leader to avoid antagonizing French public opinion. The question is now being debated in the White House whether this is still a valid policy, whether the time has not come to make it clear how profoundly Franco-American relations have deteriorated.

And so it is not surprising that more and more foreign statesmen and a growing number of Frenchmen are waiting for the day of General de Gaulle's departure. With ever-growing restlessness, French politicians are maneuvering, awaiting the Day. Even in his own cabinet, dissension is growing. Certainly M. Debré and M. Messmer were upset by his unexpected support of the Communists in condemning Israel. Such devoted Gaullists as M. Baumel, M. Sanguinetti, and M. Neuwirth were also shaken in their faith. This does not mean that a rebellion against the General is now under way. He remains the strong man in charge, but even he is known to have little faith in his own ability to perpetuate the politics of Gaullism. He himself told a visitor not long ago, when asked what would happen after he ceases to be leader of France, that "the French prefer weak governments. Mine is an exception. *Après moi, sera le délice de l'anarchie.*" The hope of France's friends and allies, of course, is that this will not happen, that France will remain stable and again become a good friend and a real ally.

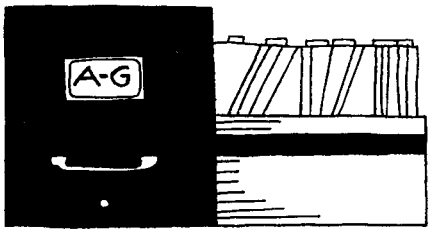
—Henry Brandon.

Trade Winds



Last week, I spent an evening in Los Angeles with Clifton Fadiman, one of the two distinguished literary critics (along with Edmund Wilson) of our era. For me, it was a happy talk-and-catch-up session. We hadn't visited together in years.

Among other things, I learned that Kip is writing a book about children's



literature. I know he is going to have something to say about L. (for Lyman) Frank Baum. I've been mulling a bit about Mr. Baum myself. So before Kip beats me to it, here is what I've mulled.

"Dorothy lived in the midst of the great Kansas prairies, with Uncle Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was a farmer's wife."

So begins a notable American fairy tale, about a little girl who was swept by a cyclone into the magic world whose name came from the outside of a filing cabinet in the home of Mr. Baum, the author. The cabinet had three drawers, the top one of which was labeled A-G, the second one H-N, the bottom one O-Z. Mr. Baum preferred the bottom drawer.

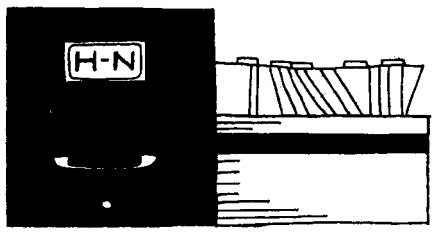
The original title was *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz.* It came out in 1900. Almost 100,000 copies were sold immediately, at $1.50. The publisher, George M. Hill Company, promptly went into bankruptcy, but for other reasons.

Probably no best seller ever belonged to so many different publishers. After Hill came George M. Ogilvie Company; then Bowen-Merrill; then Bobbs-Merrill; then Reilly & Britton; then Reilly & Lee, a subsidiary of Henry Regnery Company. Somewhere in between was Donohue & Company. In 1956, when the book entered public domain, Grosset & Dunlap issued three different editions. Since 1950, under license, Random House and other publishers have produced their own versions.

Two years after the first publication, Baum's book was made into a musical. It opened in Chicago, with Dave Montgomery as the Tin Woodman and Fred Stone as the Scarecrow. Those two chief performers achieved overnight a fame that was to last them a lifetime. The musical's title was shortened to *The Wizard of Oz.* Bobbs-Merrill quickly made that the title of the book, and so it has been known ever since. It is estimated that Bobbs-Merrill alone sold 4,000,000 copies. A reasonable assumption is that *The Wizard* has had as large a sale as any juvenile ever to appear in the United States.

The first movie version—a series of one-reelers—was made in 1910; a five-reel adaptation in 1915; a full-length silent version in 1925. It was in 1939, when M-G-M produced it, that the Baum classic had its greatest impact. It made a star of Judy Garland, singing "Over the Rainbow." It made new reputations for Jack Haley as the Tin Woodman; for Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion; for Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow; for Frank Morgan as the Wizard; and for Billie Burke as Glinda. And the song "We're Off to See the Wizard" made four-star stars of everybody. The music was by Harold Arlen and E. Y. Harburg.

The Wizard is popular in a dozen different languages. Baum wrote fourteen *Oz* books, of which only the first two—*The Wizard of Oz* and *The Land of Oz*



are out of copyright. All the others still are controlled by Reilly & Lee. There is a new series available now, with the original and superb Denslow illustrations. Copies sell for $3.95.

Frank Baum had finished *Father Goose: His Book* in 1899. It was his first success—so great, that it became that year the top juvenile in the country. But Baum was well into middle age before he made that mark. Earlier he had been a fairly spectacular nobody as a crockery salesman, a newspaper publisher, a trade paper editor, a window trimmer. (One of his creations for a hardware store window was a man made out of pots and pans.)

As a writer of verse, Baum could be as bad as anybody. As a punster, he won no laurels. In *John Dough and the Cherub,* John is "'a delicatessen: a friend in

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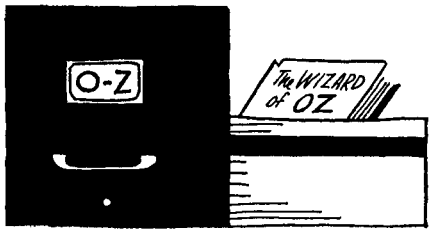
knead, I might say, a Pan-American, whose pride is bread in the bone." Incidentally, there is a copy of that book in the New York Public Library, on the



title page of which is stamped "Library of Young & Rubicam, 285 Madison Avenue." Is the New York library so hard up that it is now *stealing* books? Anyway, some copywriter from that advertising agency probably was looking for an idea with which to promote Jello (Jello gave away a million copies of an *Oz* book, as a premium).

There are Oz clubs in many cities. There is a magazine called *The Ozmopolitan*. There is the *Baum Bugle*, filled with Oz & Ends about Baum devotees, published three times a year by the International Wizard of Oz Club, Inc. There are Oz conventions.

After he is born in Chittenango, New York, what else does an author do in his lifetime? He goes to school in Syracuse; moves to Bradford, Pennsylvania, to New York City, to Aberdeen, South Dakota, to Chicago; finally, to Hollywood. He runs a variety store (Baum's Bazaar). He is a ham actor. He raises chickens. He manufactures and sells axle grease. Of German-American stock, he writes bad Irish-American comedies.

It was not intended by Baum that *The Wizard* be part of a series. He had no notion of the magnitude of popularity his crazy-quilt characters would achieve. They originated in stories he told his own children, all four of whom were boys. He wanted a daughter. In Dorothy, he got one, the hard way.

With *The Emerald City of Oz*, Baum had had it. He announced that the mythical territory was forever cut off from the rest of the world and never could be heard from again. There were protests. As Conan Doyle had to bring Sherlock Holmes back to life, so was Baum obliged, by means of wireless, to re-establish communications with his enchanted land. But only for a while. When he deserted *Oz* for good, the series was taken up by six other authors, who among them managed to keep *Oz* going for another twenty-six volumes. Baum himself embarked on other literary enterprises. His use of pseudonyms was prodigious. He wrote fifty-five books as Edith Van Dyne, John Estes Cook, Suzanne Metcalf, Schuyler Staunton, Laura Bancroft, Captain Hugh Fitzgerald, and Floyd Akers.

Is *Oz* a masterpiece? Who knows? Whatever it is — and there are a few librarians who ban it — generations of children have been brought up on it, and remember it fondly.

> "Where's the butter, Unc Nunkie?" asked Ojo.
>
> Unc looked out of his window and stroked his long beard. Then he turned to the Munchkin boy and shook his head.
>
> "Isn't," said he.

So begins *The Patchwork Girl of Oz*. I've just read it. It isn't *Alice*, or *The Little Match Girl*, or *Snow White*, but it's got *some*thing. I imagine youngsters still cotton to it. Anyhow, it's still being bought, as are all other *Oz* books, in quantity. —HERBERT R. MAYES.

WIT TWISTER #18

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing
— — — —
Until their — — — — run over!
Tonight, we'll — — — — upon
this — — — —;
Tomorrow, — — — — for Dover!

(Answers: *pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

●

Now try this Wit Twister:

Past tumbled pillars and through
— — — — — — dim
The — — — — — — — still pursues, relentless, grim.
The objects of his — — — — — — no harbors find:
Death is the hunter; the quarry is mankind.

(*Answer on page* 36)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 1737)

AGATHA CHRISTIE:
ROGER ACKROYD

The motto of the Mongoose family, so Kipling tells us, is "go and find out." If Caroline ever adopts a crest I should certainly suggest a mongoose rampant. One might omit the first part of the motto: Caroline can do any amount of finding out by sitting placidly at home.

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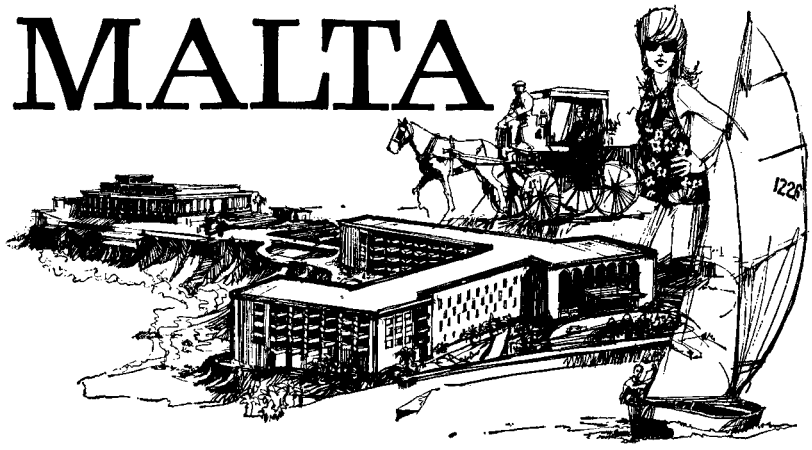
MALTA



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Saturday Review
July 29, 1967

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED—XV

Tools for a New World

A courageous Italian social reformer reflects on the universality of lessons taught by his own efforts to bring change to a violent and stagnant society.

By DANILO DOLCI

UNTIL the age of fifteen, I made no particular effort to learn anything. I lived in a middle-class family and went to school year after year, paying rather more attention to the subjects taught by teachers I liked and less to the rest. I adored music, enjoyed reading, and was delighted when it began to snow and equally delighted when the weather turned warm and I could go swimming.

Since my father was a stationmaster, whenever he received a promotion we moved to another city; I thus had a store of different memories, and more than one avenue of communication with the world. Besides, though my father was Italian, I had a Slovenian mother and a German grandfather, so it was only natural for me, I think, to look to horizons beyond "the fatherland." During this entire period—that is, until 1939 or 1940—I amassed sensations and experiences which must have been those of most boys from traditional families in northern Italy, growing up without having to worry about such things as food, shelter, and clothes, and surrounded by smokestacks and factories.

After I turned sixteen, gradually—I still don't quite know why—the need to read, to acquaint myself through the printed word with the experience and thought of men who had lived before me, became so strong that if I had not found books in my immediate surroundings—on my father's modest shelves, in the libraries of friends, in shops when I could afford to buy—I would have stolen them. A normal day was now not long enough for me; every morning I got up at 4 (in winter I would put on my coat, to keep from shivering, and go sit beside the kitchen stove which, although unlit, still retained a modicum of warmth), and for three hours before beginning my regular school day, I silently communed with *my kin*, at first more or less at random, then more systematically. Every morning I was deep in one of Plato's dialogues—at least one of the shorter ones—or in a tragedy of Euripides, Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Ibsen; then, going back to the beginning of things, in an effort to understand how men who had preceded me had interpreted the world and our life in it, I read the Bible, the Upanishads, the dialogues of Buddha, the Bhagavad-Gita, and on to Dante, Galileo, Tolstoy. I was truly happy.

YEARS passed, and the war came, and I emerged from a Fascist prison to cross front lines under fire; when the war ended and I had my first experience of working, my need to know kept growing, until at last, at the age of twenty-five, I had the feeling that I had absorbed what other men had learned and what the best among them had expressed. For several years I had felt a mounting need to take stock of what those different voices had told me, to distill the essence of what I had accumulated, and to compare it with my own experience of life, my own truth, my own intuition. But where was my own life? There was not much, and what there was had not been lived in accordance with what I had understood with my mind. What did I have that was truly valid that I could hold up against what I had learned? Was not all my learning second-hand? All around me, as I now saw, were people who thought in one way, spoke half the time in another, and often lived, disjointedly, in a third; they were at best disorganized, incoherent, superficial, apparently sure of themselves, but without any deep faith in the possibility of changing themselves or the world. They even used their knowledge of the Gospel as a means of personal affirmation. For me, too, "a new heaven and a new earth" was only an intellectual ideal. My dis-

The author: In 1952, Danilo Dolci, the fifteenth contributor to *SR*'s "What I Have Learned" series, journeyed to western Sicily and threw himself into a determined attack on the poverty, ignorance, corruption, and fear perpetuated by the island's brutal Mafia-client system and traditional resistance to change. Despite enormous obstacles—including the wrath of the *mafiosi* and prominent officials who have repeatedly tried to halt his work—Signor Dolci has initiated many economic and social programs that have brought material progress and a new feeling of freedom and hope to Sicily. Born in Trieste in 1924, Signor Dolci is an outspoken opponent of war and violence. He received the Lenin Peace Prize in 1958 and last spring was nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize.

His published works include *The Outlaws of Partinico*, *Report from Palermo*, *Waste*, and *A New World in the Making*. In 1968, *Chi Gioca Solo*, "He Who Plays Alone," will appear in an English edition.

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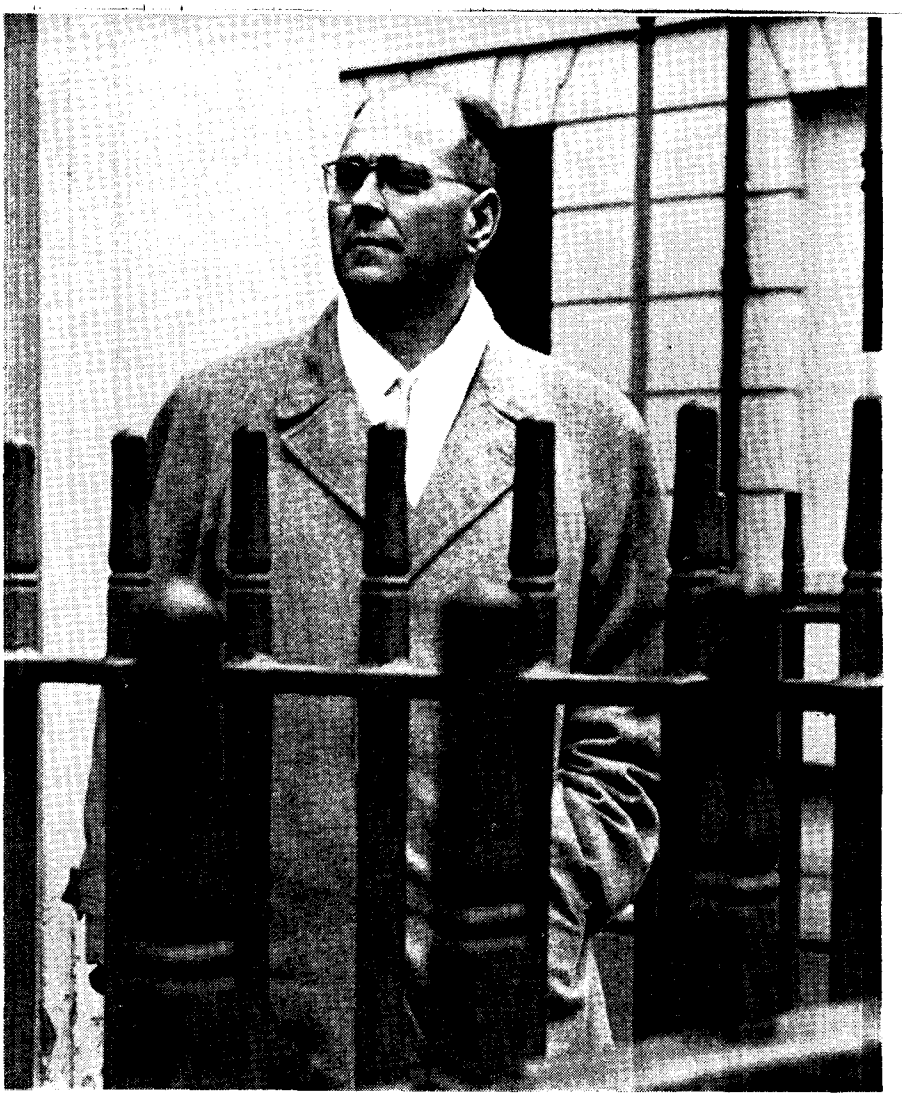

Danilo Dolci—"the antithesis of peace is not conflict but violence." —*Pix.*

like of violence was more passive than active. I would go to a concert, for example, and sense in Bach's music a striving toward a life harmoniously serene, and enjoy it; but on coming home I would be no closer to brotherhood than before, and if anyone annoyed me I would lose my temper. At home, the family called me "Let-me-finish-the-chapter."

It was coming in contact with Nomadelfia, a Christian community which gathered together in a vast family boys and girls left homeless by the war, that gave me my first opportunity to acquire knowledge through direct experience. Hoeing weeds, building latrines in the camps, living with orphans, former petty thieves, many of them sick, I discovered what it means to grow together; after several months of common endeavor, even abysmally stupid faces became more human, and sometimes beautiful. In the old Nazi-Fascist concentration camp at Fossoli, orphans found a new mother and father. Working together in the wild fens of the Maremma, we were able to transform the brush into orderly fields of grain, use the brushwood for bonfires to roast limestone from the nearby hills and make lime, take from the fields the big rocks dislodged by the plows and use them to build houses to receive new families. I became deeply aware that even as each man must take stock of himself and learn to live according to his convictions, so the life of the group, community life, is an indispensable instrument for stock-taking and for individual and collective maturation.

AFTER a year and a half of this truly fundamental experience, through which I cleansed myself and, as it were, discovered my essential self, I began to see Nomadelfia as an island, as a warm nest that tended to breed complacency. Quite unexpectedly, almost as a flash of inspiration, I asked myself one day: And what about the rest of the world?

I am still not quite sure how or why, but one day, after bidding an affectionate farewell to Nomadelfia, I set out for Trappeto, Sicily, the most wretched piece of country I had ever seen. Ignorant as I was of the problems of the South and of the techniques of socio-economic work (I had studied architecture at the university, but I had always been more interested in the structure of human relations than in the structural relationships of stones), I kept busy by working with peasants and fishermen and by participating in their life from within.

From this time onward, I truly began to learn.

I found myself, while still in Europe, in one of the most miserable and blood-drenched areas in the world: with tremendous unemployment, widespread illiteracy, and Mafia violence reaching nearly everywhere, covertly or overtly. For the most part, the people were bitter and discontented, but they were not committed to bringing about a change in their situation. It was increasingly borne in upon me that as long as people have not discovered through their own experience that change is possible, that even profound and drastic changes are possible, they are all too ready to say: "It has always been like this and it always will be." I also saw that while this was true of the backward agricultural areas, it was no less true of the industrialized zones, where many people have no idea that development can proceed at a different pace or in a different direction from what they see around them. A man does not make an effort (toward what goal, since there is no goal where he is concerned?) unless he knows that he, too, can influence development in a given direction.

Thus I learned that one must work with the people to create new facts, at all levels, so that they can see through their own experience that things can be changed, and how this can be done, and to provide an opportunity for real communication between persons of many

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different backgrounds and walks of life.

Faced with the problem of a half-starving and desperate population, the State, instead of giving it the employment and the schools which it needed—actions which would have built up solid trust—responded by imprisoning or killing whoever uttered a protest, whether they be outlaws or those in peasant movements demanding possession of uncultivated feudal lands. Not infrequently, the police, with their brutality and their dirty tactics, behaved exactly like the outlaws—indeed, like the *mafiosi*, many of whom were intimate associates of highly placed politicians and policemen (in some cases, even at the highest levels, the police officers merely changed their uniforms).

These so-called remedies, which killed instead of curing, naturally had the worst possible effects on the region. Just how bad these effects were we attempted to present in an analysis published under the title *The Outlaws of Partinico*, the purpose being to provoke a searching of conscience, both in the region itself and elsewhere. It was becoming increasingly clear to me that this primitive evil, occurring the world over on a different scale and at different levels, must everywhere be identified, denounced, and stamped out.

HOW is it possible to transform a region when most of the local population can do nothing to help, being either unemployed or engaged in unproductive work? The attempt, in *Report from Palermo*, to lay bare to the people the tragedy of make-work helped us to understand a phenomenon which is also encountered on a large scale in other parts of the world. There can be no true development unless men have an opportunity to work for it and take part in it according to their own needs and convictions.

The masses were beset by hunger and other evils; exploiters old and new were sucking their blood, worse than the lice. But these people, who in fact were idle or nearly idle for much of the year, would have been glad to work and bring progress to themselves and to others if only they had known what they could usefully do.

WATER in winter runs down the hillside and is wasted in the sea, and in summer fields that might produce food for all lie parched and yellow; but how can you plan to build a dam if you have never heard of a dam? Manure is burned in heaps on the outskirts of many villages; how can you put it to good use if you do not know how to rot it and turn it into a valuable resource? Topsoil slides down from unplanted slopes, improperly cared-for crops and livestock produce low yields, while a large part of the population, often superstitiously regarding these evils as punishment from on high, stand around with their hands in their pockets. There is a living to be made here for all; but the people do not know it.

"Certainly I listed the government as a dependent. Am I wrong?"

In an attempt to assess how great an obstacle to progress a low technical and cultural level represents in every part of the world, although in different forms, we carried out another study among the population, later published under the title *Waste*. Our questions: How can you solve problems of which you are unaware, which you are incapable of identifying? How can you develop natural resources when the very problem of resource development does not exist for you?

I had gone to Trappeto alone, led by my convictions. I did not find myself in a situation where *some* people were not succeeding and could have done so, given a hand. Rather, I found a mass of people who were in misery, in a situation from which the great majority could not extricate themselves.

It was essential to broaden contacts among individuals, to organize these largely isolated men and families into research-and-action groups increasingly aware of the need to develop resources by developing themselves; and to help the growth of those existing groups which were inclined to develop democratically.

A small but stable and competent group (some twenty persons working with the more advanced of the local people through four pilot centers in a great part of western Sicily), known as the Study and Action Center, was formed. I was no longer alone—a social laboratory, each member of which was in a state of creative symbiosis with the rest, was seeking and achieving. It was an open group of dedicated people. A group, one might say, of conscientious objectors who tended to establish an active relationship with other groups and individuals to give rise to the formation of new groups wherever they went, and to act as a stimulus for fresh undertakings.

To build a dam was important because the water would bring to the parched land, along with bread, the green shoots of experience, the proof that it is possible to change the face of the earth; but it was important also because the building of the dam meant a workers' union, a democratic management of the irrigation system, grape-growers' and other agricultural cooperatives. In other words, it meant the organization of chaos; it meant the beginnings of true democratic planning.

In order to build a new world, you must work with three basic tools: man, as the focal point of awareness and discovery; an open resource-developing group; and democratic planning of resource development. (In the first thirty pages of *A New World in the Making*,

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I have endeavored to state with precision the importance of these three basic elements—after having had direct experience with them and discussed them with my keenest collaborators and the most involved local people.)

But is it enough to become aware of a problem in order to solve it? Does it suffice to set up a few sensible targets, no matter how well documented, for the necessary solutions to be automatically brought about? Our experience on this point was consummately clear: When individuals or groups have a problem commensurate with their capacities, they can roll up their sleeves and go to work on it; but when, to go back to my earlier example, people are convinced that their region needs a large dam, the construction of which is a costly project within the jurisdiction of regional or state authorities, and when a mere request brings no results, the people must be prepared to engage in a struggle to get their dam.

THE struggle must be nonviolent—taking the form of active or passive strikes; refusal to cooperate on what is deemed to be harmful; protests and public demonstrations in all the many forms that may be suggested by the circumstances, one's own conscience, and the particular need. The people should at the same time take advantage of any good laws that may be in existence and help to enact new ones if necessary—but the struggle must be carried on, peaceably but energetically, until common sense and the sense of responsibility have won the day.

Such struggle carries penalties with it, and the people must know it. Those who want things to remain as they are, to preserve the present "order," will try to put out of the running anyone who promotes change. That is how things are; and those of us who have been thrown into jail, labelled as criminals, denounced over and over again, know it well, as do all those who are striving toward a new life anywhere in the world. It is naïve to be surprised or shocked by it. Instead, responsible men must diligently look for those methods and strategies which can be used by the weak to bring about the triumph of reason, i.e., effective alternatives to violence. For the antithesis of peace is not conflict, but violence.

I no longer think it possible to dissociate the struggle for social and economic development from the struggle for peace; even as we cannot be satisfied with haphazard and inorganic growth, so we have learned that a pacifism which is not rooted in social and economic needs is generally so much verbiage.

The explosions of nuclear weapons have had their share in making us see how wrong it is to concentrate solely on the individual, or solely on a closed collectivity, or even solely on the human race as a whole; in other words, how essential it is to look for and discover, step by step, the best and most suitable forms of relations among individuals, among groups, and within the entire human community. Working in this direction from our laboratory in western Sicily, in recent years we thought it particularly useful to analyze the "client group" and the "Mafia-client group," to gain a better understanding of the region—a popular report on the subject was later published under the title *Chi gioca solo* "He Who Plays Alone," taken from the skeptical Sicilian proverb, "He who plays alone never loses"—and of much that goes on elsewhere in the world.

"That's what I hate—when they all start getting restless at the same time."

I SHOULD like to digress long enough for a very brief analysis of the "client" system. Its basic components are:

► The crafty "politician," the public center of power in the group.

► The "clients," who control votes and who play a major part in determining the prestige and power of their politician. (*Clientes* in ancient Rome, according to the dictionary, were persons who, although enjoying *status libertatis*, i.e., not being legally slaves, stood in a relationship of dependence to a *patronus* who offered them protection; in other words, the institution of client was based on the premise that there was a substantive difference between the strong man, the patron—to whom the others pledged their allegiance—and those who submitted to him.)

► The "men in the street" who, being unable to recognize where their own vital interests lie, allow themselves to be deluded by the "politician" and his "clients," lending prestige and power to efforts which are nearly always opposed to their own interests.

Some of the characteristics evident in a group of this type, in its extreme form, are:

► No attempt is made to foster individual development.

► The relationship between the "politician" and the vote-controlling "client," as between the latter and his own "client" (and so on, in a veritable chain of clientship), is one of a systematic endeavor to obtain reciprocal benefits: "You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours," "You give me a job and I'll get you votes."

► This system is often successfully palmed off on the people as a democratic one.

If we look at all closely at the Mafia-client system—whatever fine-sounding name it may bear—we shall see the following:

► The "politician" of this group uses his prestige to cover up criminal acts; if it were not for his ability to maneuver, his capacity to make what is now normally

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"A great big smile now for the preferred stockholders."

regarded as uncivilized appear civilized, his knowing how to paralyze the normal action of the organs of administration of justice, the Mafia system could not continue in existence.

► Some of the "clients," who can deliver votes in varying amounts, are actually *mafiosi* themselves; for that reason, their client chains, in addition to the usual parasitism of the client system, exhibit such typical features of the Mafia as the levying of tribute and resorting to extreme violence in order to procure something, with the consequent intimidation, secrecy, and often a total sealing off from the outside. (The word *procure* reminds me that at a very interesting trial in Rome which I attended, and indeed took part in, I heard an Under-Secretary of State—a Deputy Minister—who was accused of being a man of the Mafia and of making election deals with Mafia groups, say candidly to the presiding judge: "No, it was not Tizio who *procured* votes for me in that town, it was Caio.")

The conditions which make this systematic network of parasitism possible are, primarily:

► The low economic level of the broad masses, for whom the search for their daily bread or for jobs is of such urgency that everything else is of secondary interest.

► The low cultural and political level of the great majority, resulting in short-sighted pursuit of their own selfish interests, without a minimum of realistic awareness of the common interest.

► The resultant incapacity for a new life of association and collaboration, which forms a fertile ground for authoritarianism, fascism, monopoly, and oligopoly of every conceivable variety.

Thus the client and the Mafia-client systems are made possible by the fact that the people, being isolated, do not know how to make their weight felt and resign themselves to inaction and to nonfurtherance of their own true interests. It is obvious, therefore, how necessary it is for the development of the human resources to form and interrelate new, open, democratic groups, and at the same time to attack and break up the old sclerotic groups, at every level of society.

Violence is not, of course, a phenomenon confined to western Sicily; in different forms, it reaches into every part of the world. I rather think that an understanding of the Mafia-client system is of great interest for all, precisely because it is an extreme form of organized violence, so that studying it is like examining organized violence under a magnifying glass. It has been demonstrated, for example, that in areas of advanced capitalist industrialization, with a higher literacy level—as in the north of Italy—power is concentrated not in the hands of the politician, but often, through a more complex and ingenious mechanism, in the hands of those with the most money (votes are not bought directly with a thousand *lire*, a couple of pounds of *pasta*, the right word in the right place, or intimidation, but primarily through heavy investment in the press and other instruments of molding public opinion, and only secondarily in such politicians as may be thought useful). But I do not believe it has been as clearly shown that on the international level the relations within and among groups fall into the same pattern as do the primitive relations between patron and client and those obtaining within the Mafia-client system. (I have found very useful confirmation of this idea in the studies of Johan Galtung and his Institute of the Sociology of Conflict at Oslo.)

Every morning, before daylight has effaced the stars, I continue to search in silence, before plunging into active occupations: I know that to accept being lost in the complexity of this world—where strenuous efforts to achieve understanding and growth are inextricably mixed with stubborn resistance and enormous waste — means to die a little; I know how reluctant is this world to emerge from the pre-Atomic era into that post-Atomic age in which your life will be my life, and my life cannot but also be yours; I know that we have barely begun to learn and that men cannot truly learn unless they are willing to search and can search together; and that on top of all this there is always the danger of forgetting what one does know.

The Good Horse

By William Stafford

THEY thought the balancing horse
went wild, but it just wanted
an audience of its own. When
the circus came near a forest
it ran away, deep, fast,
alone.

Its keeper understood. He
said, "We trainers have to manage
everything, and I was trying
too hard." He followed the tracks till
the wildest place; he stopped, called
"Why?"

The horse told him. They went back.
Now any day you can see it—
the circus goes on the same, the
trainer always has children
beside the ring. The horse acts
tame.

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MURDER OF A NIT-PICKER

By LEO ROSTEN

MY LIFE as a writer was not always as pleasant as it is these days. I once served a six-month stretch in RKO, a penal colony to which I was sent after I had committed a movie. Before that, I tried to earn a living lecturing to ladies' luncheon clubs, but that career came to naught because the naughtiest title in my repertoire was "What the Well-Dressed Woman Should Know About the Smoot-Hawley Tariff." And before *that*, I was on the staff of an eximious (I had to look it up, too) trade journal in Chicago.

Writing for the *Foot-Locker Clarion*, which was not its name, was a living hell because of Roy Sludge, which is not *his* name but gives you a hint as to how I feel about him. He was tall, athletic, fastidious, and mean. He was also stupid. He was a squash player and a prig, a product of C– – – – – Military Academy, which taught him to sit up straight and bark, and Lake Forest College, whom you shouldn't blame. I think Roy went to Lake Forest because his parents lived right in the lake, in a forest. How Roy ever got it into his head to go into journalism, as he called it, I never understood. His talents were more suited to attaching leg-manacles.

Everyone used to say, "Roy is very *efficient*. You have to grant him that." I granted nothing. Roy *acted* efficient, which is a force of another color: He was always busy. But he was always busy because it took him so long to unravel the snafu of cat's cradles he had himself woven.

Sludge was one of those perpetual smilers who gives people ulcers. He had two Achilles heels (one on each foot), he was literal-minded, and he was inflexible. (He was also deaf to the rhythm of a sentence, but I don't think you can call a tin ear an Achilles heel.) He browbeat us writers into squeezing all the juice and joy out of a story. By the time a page emerged from the wringer of Roy's infestivity, it was as exact as a ruler—and just about as interesting. He was obsessed by the irrelevant.

I loathed Roy, who, being a moral cost-accountant, loathed me, too. And I tried to escape the torture of his blue pencil by sending our editor this playlet:

SCENE: *The office of* LEO ROSTEN. *Enter* ROY SLUDGE, *brandishing a manuscript. His face resembles a knuckle. He is, at the moment, grinning, so he looks like a grinning knuckle. This is not a nice way to look.*

SLUDGE (*cooing*): Are you busy?

ROSTEN: Yes.

SLUDGE (*snappishly*): This story of yours for the Fourth of July issue: You should *identify* "Washington," when you say, right here, "Washington crossed the Delaware." Some readers will wonder which Washington you're referring to.

ROSTEN: I meant Israel Washington, the head of Boy Scout Troop 27 in Muscle Shoals.

SLUDGE: There you are! Some of our readers might think you mean *George* Washington.

ROSTEN: Who's he?

SLUDGE (*sternly*): George Washington was a famous general in the American Revolution, or War of Independence, as it is sometimes called.

ROSTEN (*turning pale*): Roy, are you sure? Have you checked that out?

SLUDGE: Certainly! Page 42, *Girlcraft: The Journal for Pregnant Teen-Agers*. I think we should print "Israel" in 6-point Baloney Italics, right under "Washington" in the title, to tip off our readers as to which Washington you mean.

ROSTEN (*crying*): Roy, you are a genius! But won't our Legal Department object if we come right out and say we mean Israel Washington—who, after all, stole $14,000 from the First Mortgage and Loan Church of Whitefish, Montana?

SLUDGE: We'll run a box saying Israel Washington was illegitimate, according to the DAR, which stands for Daughters of the American Revolution.

ROSTEN: I thought DAR meant Defenders of the Armenian Rabbinate.

SLUDGE: Not according to Hugo Shimmelfarb's *Facts About Your Sump Pump*! I had Harriet check that.

ROSTEN: Harriet who?

SLUDGE: *Our* Harriet; she works down in Research.

ROSTEN: Oh, I thought you meant Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote *David Copperfield*.

SLUDGE: *She* only wrote the David part.

ROSTEN (*leaping up*): And if that's true, Roy, we are on to a real blockbuster! *Think*, man: Wasn't Harriet's sister, Jane Austen, Mrs. Washington's social secretary?

SLUDGE (*startled*): *That* Mrs. Washington couldn't read or write.

ROSTEN: But Mrs. *Israel* Washington was illiterate in only one eye, Roy. She comes right out and admits it in her autobiography, *How Cornea Can You Get?*

SLUDGE (*irritably*): I don't mean Israel's wife, I mean George's wife, whose first name Harriet is running down. We think it begins with an "M."

ROSTEN (*crying out*): With an "M"? Do you realize what that *means*? If Mrs. George Washington's first name begins with an "M," it's just possible she—was —*Martha* Washington!

SLUDGE: Great Scott! Wasn't Martha—

ROSTEN: *Exactly*! The manufacturer of all those goddam candies! She sat around all day stuffing cherries into marzipan. And that means that Washington—George, not Israel—was getting a kickback from the candy lobby in Philadelphia, which was our capital at the time.

SLUDGE: Now do you see how important it is to check everything out?

ROSTEN (*kissing him*): Oh, I do, I do! (*Opens drawer.*) Whenever you find an error in my copy—like not spelling out what I meant by "Hello," or "Old Glory"—be sure to barge right in on me, because I am a stickler for accuracy. (*Removes revolver.*) And since I just finished writing, "Roy Sludge, author of *You and Colonic Irrigation*, was murdered early this morning," I cannot let our readers down. (*Shoots Sludge*) Writhe in peace. (*Looks up*) Why Harriet! Come *in*. Just step over the body.

Enter HARRIET KLUTCHKNOB, *a resolute researcher with an M.A. in Inducing Nervous Ailments.*

HARRIET: We just had a conference down in Research trying to figure out, in your story on Christopher Columbus, what "1492" refers to.

ROSTEN (*chuckling*): That was the year the Comanche Indians ran their first "The Family That Slays Together Stays Together" festival. . . . Say "Cheese," Harriet. Good girl. (*Shoots Harriet, picks up phone.*) Ask Armand Pfeinkuchen, head of Legal, to come down. Tell him to bring his coat and hat.

(*Curtain*)

That was the noble little play I sent, in post-adolescent frustration, to our editor. He must have read it, I'm sure, because the very next morning I was fired.

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Postscript to Glassboro

IN THE GLASSBORO conversations between President Lyndon B. Johnson and Premier Aleksei Kosygin, and again in the debates at the United Nations, the United States and the Soviet Union have proved not how far apart but how close they are in their underlying approaches to critical world problems.

The United States position on Vietnam and the Soviet position on the Arab world have a fundamental similarity. The United States Government believes its credibility and prestige are fully engaged in Vietnam. The Soviet Union believes its credibility and prestige are fully engaged in the Middle East. The problem of losing face is the dominant one. The fact that both countries may have miscalculated by allowing themselves to become heavily involved in these situations is not as vital as the hard fact of national pride.

The United States believes its commitment to South Vietnam, Laos, and Thailand is being constantly scrutinized by other governments—especially those of North Korea and the Philippines—for any sign that the United States may be wavering in its resolution to see it through. This consideration bulks larger in Washington's thinking on Vietnam than any of the oft-declared reasons for the continuing and growing involvement in Vietnam. For example, one of our given reasons is our desire to protect the people's right to a government of their choosing. Yet free elections were specified in the 1954 Geneva agreements but were called off in 1956 by the U.S.-backed South Vietnam Government. President Dwight D. Eisenhower is authority for the statement that if the elections had been held, the government of Ho Chi Minh would have received an overwhelming majority. Later, the United States Government turned its back on President Ngo Dinh Diem, who was assassinated in a plot the United States knew about and was in a position to prevent. It is impossible to consider the question of self-determination in Vietnam apart from these facts.

SIMILARLY, the argument that the United States is trying to prevent the spread of Chinese Communist influence stands up poorly alongside the evidence that China has actually profited from American policy in Indo-China. The peoples of Indo-China have a historical fear and resentment of China. This has carried over to the Chinese Communists. In Laos, the Communist Pathet Lao became powerful only after the United States helped to oust President Souvanna Phouma, the first popularly elected President of Laos. In North Vietnam, Chinese influence has apparently increased in direct proportion to air bombing by the U.S. and to the military escalation in general.

Not infrequently, President Kennedy, like President Eisenhower before him, would be told by some of his advisers of growing talk all over Asia that the United States lacked the will to persevere in Indo-China, and that we had to demonstrate the genuineness of our commitment by doing something dramatic, such as carrying out bombing operations. President Kennedy held to the position that such bombing was more an outlet for military frustration than a matter of military necessity. Only recently, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara told a Congressional Committee that the bombing of North Vietnam had limited military value but that it had to be continued in order to maintain the morale of the South Vietnam Government. Nothing was said about the fact that the attempt to cater to this kind of morale was in itself a collapse of morality far more costly historically to the good name of the American people than anything else that might happen in Vietnam.

THE Soviet Union has been exploiting instability in the Middle East for its own purposes. Quite apart from its desire to extend its sphere of influence, the Soviet Union apparently sees an opportunity to step up the pressures on the United States by confronting it with a Mediterranean crisis. The Soviet Union has been badly stung by the Vietnamese war. It believes the bombing by the United States of a small Communist country demonstrates to the Communist world that Soviet leaders are unable to protect them against the West in any showdown. The Soviet Union is just as concerned that North Korea will feel that the Soviet commitment to its security is worthless as the United States is concerned that South Korea will feel the American commitment is worthless.

The paradox, of course, is that both the United States and the Soviet Union recognize a fundamental need to reduce tensions between themselves. Neither nation wants major nuclear war. Both want to contain the political, ideological, and economic expansion of Communist China, all the more so in view of Chinese nuclear capability. Yet both are the victims of their own miscalculations and their need to save face.

A major aspect of the paradox is that mounting atomic stockpiles have not provided either the United States or the Soviet Union with adequate security. The only security that might make sense is a fully developed United Nations. Yet neither country has made the U.N. a primary part of its foreign policy, preferring to risk national bankruptcy by pursuing the role of world policeman—a role that inexorably will draw them into direct conflict with each other.

The reason for the paradox and the dilemma is that both nations are prisoners of an unworkable context. The context is absolute national sovereignty, with its propensities for miscalculations, false considerations of pride, balance-of-power struggles, uncontrolled arms races, and involvement in volatile areas of crisis and combat.

Man has turned his intelligence in many directions. He has yet to direct it to the making of a workable peace under law. This failure cannot be continued without colossal cost. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

High Cost of Health

ROUL TUNLEY made a good case in his article, "Why Not Compulsory Hospital Insurance?" [*SR*, July 8]. It is a well-established fact that much illness is caused by fear, and economic fear is the worst.

The shortsightedness of American resistance to hospital and other medical insurance has cost this nation billions in public assistance—to say nothing of the human anguish at seeing savings, homes, and other assets being liquidated to meet the cost of prolonged illness. As a caseworker in public assistance for many years I witnessed this sad deterioration of human beings over and over again. Many were on relief, and if we had had medical insurance, these people could have been self-sustaining to the end of their days.

(MRS.) CORA G. CHASE.

Vaughn, Wash.

MR. TUNLEY cites the fact that hospital costs for room and board now average $60 per day, and are going higher. For years, he states, the annual rise has been about 8 per cent, and last year the increase was 16.5 per cent.

Is it just a coincidence that the greatest increase came with the advent of Medicare? At any rate, it is obvious that if hospitals are unable to furnish room and board and ordinary nursing care for less than $60 per day, there is something wrong and we had better find out what the trouble is.

WILLIAM K. MUNN.

Oakland, Calif.

Cybernetic Impact

WHILE READING Glenn T. Seaborg's article, "The Cybernetic Age: An Optimist's View" [*SR*, July 15], several questions came to mind. Dr. Seaborg admits that one of the effects of the Cybernetic Revolution would be a depersonalization, but adds that these mechanistic changes need not cause humanistic changes.

"When we are less likely to be in competition with one another," Dr. Seaborg writes, "much of the hypocrisy of society will vanish. . . ." But will the competition and hypocrisy really end?

Dr. Seaborg also states that a Cybernetic Revolution will render communities "free from want where every human being has a sense of dignity not gained at the expense of others . . ." Where will this dignity come from—knowing that the computer will not even let us get a speeding ticket?

HOLLY SEMILOFF.

Lincolnwood, Ill.

China's Hydrogen Bomb

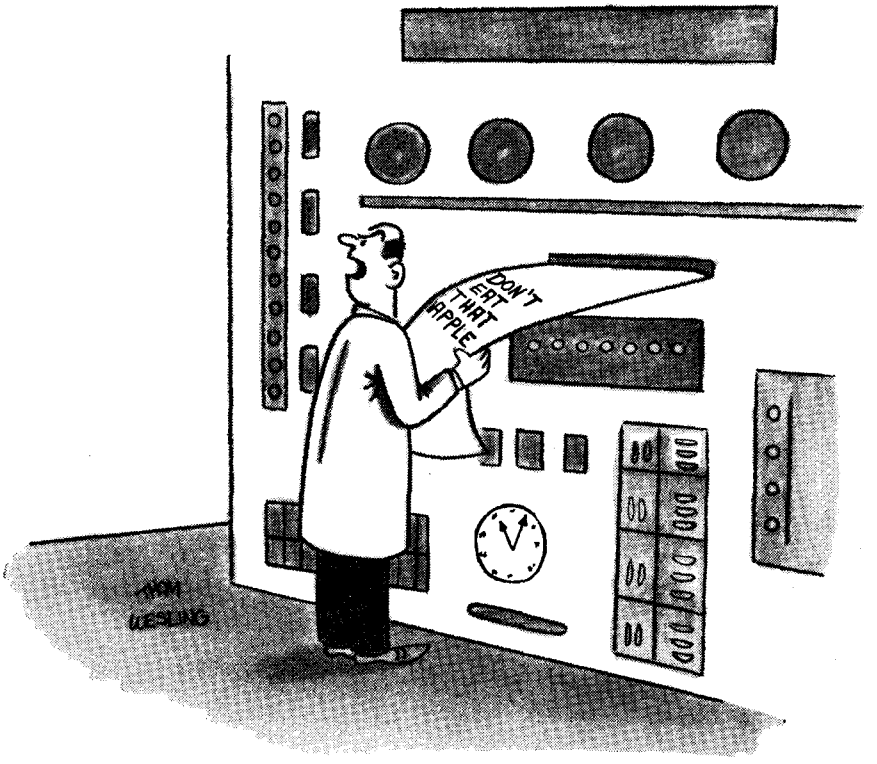
N.C.'S EDITORIAL, "China and the Hydrogen Bomb" [*SR*, Jul. 8], is thought-provoking.

The implications of the Chinese H-bomb are deeper, when one considers the instinctive sympathy toward Peking on the part of non-Western nations.

It is perhaps a tragic irony of our times that human ingenuity was able to develop a technological society for a better way of life, but was naïve enough to leave its control in the hands of nontechnological mediocrity, who can use its destructive powers at will.

GEORGE VARGHESE.

New York, N.Y.



"Higgins! Just how far back did you program this machine, anyhow?"

Good Ship of Hope

R.L.T.'s "Seven Years of Hope" [*SR*, July 15] is one of the best editorials I have read in recent weeks. I, too, wish we might float a thousand ships of hope. Repeated recognition of the humanitarian accomplishments of *S.S. Hope* may spark the imagination of this nation.

ROBERT G. SMITH,
Executive Assistant to the
President, Colgate University.

Hamilton, N.Y.

Bold Plan for Middle East

I WAS VERY IMPRESSED with Clark M. Eichelberger's editorial, "The U.N. Summit" [*SR*, July 1]. I agree with him that only a bold, brave measure can cope with a problem so deeply buried in age-old hatred and prejudice.

This is a golden opportunity for a nation, which has been pushed to the very brink of extinction, to return love for hate, and to prove that man has really made moral and spiritual progress in the past 2,000 years.

(MRS.) EDITH M. CROUCH.

Apple Valley, Calif.

Meaningfulness of Life

READING NELS FERRE'S article, "Does Man Really Want Peace?" [*SR*, July 1], gave me a challenge. Is he correct in his views about one's faith, the meaningfulness of life, and the factors of love and motivation?

Over fifty years of work with children, students, and teachers has shown me that these factors given by Dr. Ferré work. How can the young grow into a faith, into meaning for their lives, and into concern so great it drives them to live a worthwhile life for themselves and others? It can be answered fairly well with what is now known about learning, growth, and human behavior. So, amen to Dr. Ferré's faith, concern, and motivation with love included.

DR. A. R. MEAD,
State Director,
National Retired
Teachers Association.

Gainesville, Fla.

America and Morals

I AGREE with C. Rajagopalachari's letter [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, July 8] that American society requires a thoughtful re-examination of its moral values. But may I point out that Indian society does not fare better in this regard?

American society, like all others, has not been able to adopt the ideal of overall mature individual growth. Nevertheless, let us give credit to this society, which for the first time in history has created a free environment within which the individual is allowed to declare and live a life of his own choice and to grow by committing blunders. For the individual, and therefore for society, nothing is more desirable.

PRAMOD MEHTA.

Washington, D.C.

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The "Greek Anthology"

By KENNETH REXROTH

MOST PEOPLE are unaware, and even scholars seldom pause to consider, that the Greek literature on which our civilization is so largely based survives as a very small library indeed. It would be quite possible for a skilled reader to go through it all in a couple of years, and anyone could read all the really important works in a winter.

Only a small selection of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides survives; of other tragedians we know practically nothing but their names. We have considerable Aristophanes, but of the New Comedy from which our own and Roman Comedy derive we have only a few plays of Menander, and those in bad condition. Of the Greek lyric poets we have even less—of Sappho, two poems and miscellaneous fragments. Many of the most important writers of ancient Greece are known only by reputation. Greek literature is a ruin—like the Acropolis. Like the Acropolis, most of what survives is monumental, impersonal, "classic." Intimate poetry seems to have been rarely written, and hardly any survives—except in the *Anthology*.

What we call the *Greek Anthology* is a Byzantine collection and rearrangement of an unknown number of earlier anthologies, the best of which was gathered by the Syrian-Hellenistic poet Meleager, who included a liberal selection of his own verse. Almost all the poems are written in the elegiac distich—the meter used for monuments and gravestones. One of the largest books is made up of sepulchral epigrams—real and imaginary epitaphs; others are actual dedicatory poems or votive offerings, or again, imitations. There is a large book of inscriptions on statues and monuments, a surprisingly mediocre book of homosexual poems, a collection of rhetorical and declamatory short poems in elegiac meter, collections of quite tedious Christian epigrams—decidedly inferior to either the great Byzantine hymns or medieval Latin poetry—satirical poems, epigrams in our sense, and, most famous of all, a book of love poems that contains the core of Meleager's original collection.

The nature of the meter and its traditional origin dictated the form and substance of all the best of these poems—in any category. An inscription on a gravestone should be simple, succinct, poignant—and a personal expression of either the subject or the mourners. An actual stone at Corinth: "This little stone, dear Sabinos, is all the memorial of our great love. I miss you always; and I hope that you did not drink forgetfullness of me when you drank the waters of the new dead." An imaginary epitaph: "Here is Klito's little shack. Here is his little cornpatch. Here is his tiny vineyard. Here Klito spent eighty years." Purest of all, the acknowledged grand master of the epigram, is Simonides, of the classic age. On the Spartans (the Lakadaimonians) fallen, holding back the Persian host at Thermopylae: "Stranger, when you come to Lakadaimon, tell them that we lie here, obedient to their will."

This is certainly the greatest poem of its kind ever written. The epitaph of Meleager to his mistress Heliodora, too long to quote, intensifies and further personalizes this emotion, as special a sensitivity as that which distinguishes Japanese classic poetry, and the transition to the simple love poem is hardly noticeable. "I swear by desire, I would rather hear your voice than the sound of Apollo's lyre."

Later, in the classic revival under Justinian, the lawyer Paul the Silentiary would write poems to courtesans that are elegiac in the modern sense—full of the sorrow of the ruin of all bright things and the wistful momentariness of a girl's body. No other Greek poet is quite like Paul. The relics of over 1,000 years of Greek verse are gathered in these books, and we can relive the history of the Greek sensibility—from the first unselfconscious clarity and sensual glory of Sappho to the fatigue of the last disciples of paganism in Byzantium and Rome.

What distinguishes this verse? What is the pagan sensibility? What grows fatigued? Confidence. The classic poets are certain of their senses, of their bodies in the clear Greek air, of their relations with one another. They know what death and love are—far simpler things than what we, with Romanticism and psychology behind us, mean by those terms. Sex is sex. Infidelity is infidelity. Death is death. Heroism is heroism. The response is as direct as Simonides's Spartans, and as directly and gently ironic. This is the "tragic sense of life" reduced to its simplest terms—"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may"—it would sustain and re-invigorate the erotic lyric and elegy for more than 2,000 years.

Ben Jonson and Waller, William Carlos Williams writing of cold plums, or Robert Desnos remembering his girl as he lays dying in a Nazi concentration camp—the greatest poetry still speaks Greek—in the simplest tragic language—the plain confrontation of beauty and love with time. The simplicity of this acceptance gives life, or rather living, a confidence that modern man usually troubles with the imaginations of his conscience, which only confuse and compromise the issue. The pagan sensibility, whether Greek or Chinese or Japanese, has no conscience in our sense. Melancholy saturates the later poets of the *Anthology* and even tinctures Meleager—but it is utterly unlike the melancholy of Proust or even Goethe. It is simply a more somber, more continuously haunting realization of the final term of the good, the true, the beautiful—and of the self and of civilization itself. Paul the Silentiary, courtier of the orientalized Christian emperor, is haunted by the remembrance of things past, but he would have thought Proust a madman.

The complicated sensibility can never reveal reality as more complex than its own complications. Out of the stark simplicity of the finest poems of the *Anthology*, whether erotic or sepulchral, satiric or convivial, flows all the endless complexity of reality. "Take off your clothes and lie down, we are not going to last forever." "Pass the sweet earthware jug made of the earth that bore me, the earth I shall someday bear." The simplicity is highly deceptive—as misleading as the complexity of Kierkegaard, or the knotted webs of tergiversation in Henry James. The modern sensibility attempts to drain the contents of experience; these Greek poets strive to state the fact so poignantly that it becomes an ever-flowing spring—as Sappho says, "More real than real, more gold than gold."

There are many translations of the *Anthology*, in styles to suit every taste. Dudley Fitts in modern verse and Richard Aldington in prose are contemporary in style. Mackail's nineteenth-century prose is still popular. I've done a book of selections myself, from which the translations in this essay are derived. The Loeb Library gives a good Greek text and a rather wooden English one.

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Books

21 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "An Operational Necessity," by Gwyn Griffin

22 Letters to the Book Review Editor

23 Perspective, by J. H. Plumb, who reviews "Environment for Man: The Next Fifty Years," edited by William R. Ewald, Jr.

24 "A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church," by Father James Kavanaugh; "The Catholic Avant-Garde: French Catholicism Since World War II," by Jean-Marie Domenach and Robert de Montvalon; "The New Nuns," edited by Sister M. Charles Borromeo, C.S.C.

26 "Sex and Society in Sweden," by Birgitta Linnér with Richard J. Litell

27 "Castro's Cuba, Cuba's Fidel," by Lee Lockwood

29 Criminal Record

30 "The Scapegoat," by August Strindberg. "Signs and Wonders," by Françoise Mallet-Joris

31 Check List of the Week's New Books

32 Pick of the Paperbacks, by Rollene W. Saal

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Immense Fallibility of Man

AS I reported after reading *Master of This Vessel* and *A Last Lamp Burning* (*SR*, April 16, 1966), Gwyn Griffin is one of the finest story-tellers of this generation. His latest novel, *An Operational Necessity* (Putnam, $6.95), gives his talent full scope, for it is made up of two desperate adventures at sea, a romantic interlude in Africa, and as dramatic an account of a trial as has ever been written. (The novel, to be published August 7, is a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.)

The action begins when a French merchantman, flying an English flag and with an English captain but manned by a crew of many nationalities, is sunk in the South Atlantic by a German submarine near the end of World War II. Griffin laconically states: "The *Maréchal Oudinot*, whose long life was thus abruptly terminated at 7:28 P.M. on the fifth of January 1945, carried a crew of thirty-seven. Of these more than half died immediately." The others, some wounded and some not, cling to various sorts of wreckage. Then the submarine returns to destroy what the commander calls the *"Uberrest,"* the remainder, by cannon fire and hand grenades. In the end six men, one of them fatally wounded, and a boy escape on a raft. The raft is picked up thirty-five days later, and Griffin tells what happens in the meantime, not in great detail but with vivid sketches of crucial incidents.

Meanwhile Griffin has taken us on board the submarine, the U-996, and we have met some of the officers, especially Eugen Kielbasa, the *Kapitänleutnant*, and Emil Kümmerol, his gunnery officer. Emil, only twenty years old and three-quarters French, has little enthusiasm for his part in the war but does his duty as best he can. The U-996 follows its prescribed course, sinks an oil tanker, and enters the Indian Ocean. Griffin carries on simultaneously with the story of the submarine and that of the raft from the merchantman. The submarine is discovered by British airplanes as it nears Madagascar, and is attacked with bombs and driven to a perilous depth. At last, however, after the terrible strain of a long wait, Kielbasa with great bravery and resourcefulness and some good luck brings the submarine to the surface. He and Emil, eager to get out of a war that Germany has already lost, have tacitly agreed to get to neutral Mozambique, where they would be interned for the duration. They have almost—perhaps quite—reached the three-mile limit when British planes attack. Emil is seriously wounded, and he and all the other survivors are taken prisoner.

In the last paragraph of Part I Griffin writes: "And far away—thousands of miles away to the west—another ship, the *Hipòlito Irigoyen*, a smart new Argentinian freighter which had been attracted out of its course by a small patch of red bobbing above the waves far to starboard, was slowing to pick up a single skeletal survivor slumped inert on the slats of a salt-stained, weed-caked life-raft, one sun-blistered hand still clutching the rotten carcass of a flying fish."

The romantic interlude takes place in Tanganyika, where Emil is hospitalized for several months with a shattered leg. Cynics may say that Griffin thought it wise to introduce a little sex, but it may be argued just as plausibly that he felt the need for a passage in a lighter vein, a kind of scherzo, between the horrors that have gone before and the harrowing drama that is to come. At any rate Emerald is an unusual heroine, lively, amusing, and fey, and one can't blame Emil for going to bed with her.

The trial, which takes place in occupied Germany a year or so later, is magnificently dramatic—as trials usually are in fiction though not so often in real life. To Kommandant Kielbasa the destruction of the wreckage of the *Maréchal Oudinot*, with the consequent loss of life, was "an operational necessity"—the only way of protecting the U-996 from destruction by the British planes that constantly patrolled this area of the Atlantic. The British, however, have decided to prosecute Eugen and Emil as war criminals because international law, such as it is, proscribes the killing of survivors of a sunken vessel. As the trial progresses, the reader is likely to feel that first one side is right and then the other, and that is what makes for the almost unbearable intensity of Part III.

The trial has already been compared to that in *The Caine Mutiny*, but it seems to me that Griffin keeps the issues clearer than Wouk, and he resorts to no such trickery as that with which Wouk ends his book. To me Griffin's trial is more nearly comparable to the ones that appear in several of the novels of James Gould Cozzens. Griffin is just as concerned with precision of detail as Cozzens and just as resolutely objective. He is unlike Cozzens, however, in his sense of the comic. Although we see the trial from many points of view, Griffin most often looks at it through the eyes of the lawyer for the defense, Captain Kaye, an eccentric, witty, cynical American. Kaye does his best for his clients, but he is conscious of the ridiculous aspects of the whole procedure.

In general Griffin differs from Cozzens in the fact that he does not share the latter's profound respect for the law as mankind's highest intellectual

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achievement. His attitude seems to be summed up in the conclusions of Post, Captain Kaye's aide and one of the more disreputable characters in the book: "But beyond them all, soberly and compassionately, he saw plainly the immense fallibility of mankind. . . . Behind all the pomp and glory and rhetoric and high-minded speeches there was nothing but a narrow, dull and dirty room in which an idiot child crawled over a cold floor crushing small spiders with its fingers."

THE technique that Griffin has chosen to employ in this ambitious and widespreading novel is the assumption of omniscience. The author assumes, that is, that he knows at any moment what all of his characters are doing, saying, thinking, feeling. This method raises most difficult problems of selection: in every scene the author has to ask himself from how many and what points of view this action can best be presented. Griffin seems to me to make his decisions with great acumen. In the course of the trial, for instance, he lets us look into the mind of every one of the participants, but by concentrating on certain persons, chiefly Captain Kaye, he avoids the kind of jerkiness that could weaken the dramatic effect. By and large he saves the accused for the end, where the reader can most be moved by knowing what they feel. Like Conrad, who seems in some sense his master, Griffin takes a dark view of the human condition, but his awareness of the vast variety of human beings is even sharper than Conrad's. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1251

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1251 will be found in the next issue.

JP J LFCFUJW UTWF, CVGVKR

EJP NVCFR HEV VTLEA AV EJQF

XA. —GFCMJNXC KXPUJFWX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1250

I don't know much about medicine, but I know what I like. —PERELMAN.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Hatfield Stance

IT IS DISTURBING TO READ the words of a distinguished U.S. Senator [Mark Hatfield, *SR*, July 1] who ignores the Madisonian advice he cites to "arm [ourselves] with the power that knowledge gives [us]" by neglecting to suggest the works of other authorities who would tend to show the other side of the coin in Vietnam, and failing to touch on the ways we are facing up to the social revolution in progress there with, for example, our pacification and community building programs.

His inclination to regard our principal antagonist, Ho Chi Minh, as a kindly, independence-oriented, nationalistic painter of flowers does the true objective a disservice by ignoring the fact that he is one of the foremost Bolsheviks of our time who consolidated his position in North Vietnam following Geneva with ruthless purges in which thousands of farmers, finding themselves reclassified into the "wrong" category, were imprisoned and executed. This is the future countless South Vietnamese can expect if the Communists are victorious.

It is a time for recognizing that the true moral issue at stake is the same that has given us our heritage of freedom. Our true adversary is the same as was identified for us years ago by Thomas Jefferson, tyranny over the mind of man.

ROBERT S. MCCANDLISS.

Soledad, Calif.

IN AN AGE WHEN OUR YOUNGSTERS are growing increasingly cynical about the American political process and what it produces, it is a great comfort—albeit a great rarity—to encounter one United States Senator like Mark O. Hatfield. His review of the Vietnam books makes one wish that the 1968 Republican campaign will revive the 1868 slogan, on which the first all-Republican majority ticket was elected: "Let us have peace."

HOWARD N. MEYER.

Rockville Centre, N.Y.

THE ARTICLE BY MARK HATFIELD is as pretty a pitch for a Presidential nomination as ever presented to any segment of the American public, and certainly the most blatant one ever presented to *SR* readers.

VIOLET R. GIVENS.

Columbus, O.

BOTH SENATOR HATFIELD and Mr. Peter L. Sandberg [Letters to Book Review Editor, *SR*, July 15] would do well to read Jeffrey St. John's review of *Suez*, by Hugh Thomas [*SR*, July 8], if they would like to be educated on the problems of the Administration in Vietnam and elsewhere in the world where Communist expansionism is showing. They, like Mr. Thomas, seem to hold a clouded and distorted idea, which they share with many other similarly ill-informed persons. Please let's hear more from Mr. St. John, whose clarity, concise statement and profound insight are like a breath of fresh air in comparison with the asphyxiating effects of Communist- and pacifist-biased accounts of news events and U.S. foreign policy.

C. BUCHMANN.

Paterson, N.J.

JEFFREY ST.JOHN IS LESS INTERESTED in reviewing Hugh Thomas's *Suez* than in expanding a global hawkishness by the U.S. and advocating militarism. . . . It is the prevalence in official policy of the St.John philosophy which has made many of us ashamed of our government while loving our country.

PETER R. KELLY.

Benson, Ariz.

Astray

ROBERT L. PERKIN'S PENETRATING REVIEW of *Thomas Nuttall, Naturalist* [*SR*, July 8] went astray in associating "characteristic Bostonian thought of future benefactions" with academic appointments by Harvard. The statement referred to the election of a president of the Boston Society of Natural History.

JEANNETTE E. GRAUSTEIN.

Jackson, N.H.

Sources

"DESCRIBING THE INDESCRIBABLE" is a worthy title for the fine review of Susanne K. Langer's book, *Mind: An Essay on Human Feeling* [*SR*, July 15]; but it has somehow become one of those phrases which has passed into public domain without recollection of, or reference to, the original source.

Perhaps *SR* readers would like the full quotation, which is from Leo Baeck's volume, *The Essence of Judaism*: "Man can speak only in the metaphor of the eternal and infinite; if he wishes to *describe the indescribable*, he can do so only in poetry. Even science, when it reaches the deepest fundamentals, is forced to use the symbols and metaphors of poetry."

RUBY FOGEL.

Miami Beach, Fla.

IN THE REVIEW by Raymond Walters, Jr., of *Quotemanship*, by Paul Boller [*SR*, June 10], I was surprised to find the quotation "A reasonable number of fleas is good for a dog, keeps him from brooding on being a dog" ascribed to Mark Twain. I was not sure whether Mr. Walters or Mr. Boller was responsible. I think you will find (see Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*) it was written by Edward Noyes Westcott in *David Harum* in a slightly dialect version.

ELIZABETH F. JOHNSON.

Rock Hill, S.C.

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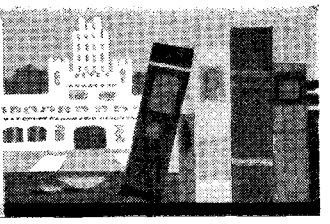
Perspective



The Future Without the Past

THE NEXT fifty years – exciting, terrifying, or just plain unbearable? The future used to be a matter for the imaginative novelist, for a Jules Verne or an H. G. Wells, and as far as technological development was concerned the latter was quite brilliant in his forecast. But those days are over. The computer is more precise than the imagination, and although it cannot devise an invention, it can be terrifyingly exact about development. The number of people who, barring global accidents, will be alive in 2017 is easily assessed, and so is where most of them will be living—in America, it seems, in three to five megalopolises. The racial structures of these great cities can be forecast but not, of course, their race relations. Nevertheless the information available is huge, and information can be used. The American Institute of Planners, to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary, called a conference of exceptional importance to discuss the future of man's environment: to ponder on the problems the computers tell us will be ours. Its first series of papers has now been published—*Environment for Man: The Next Fifty Years,* edited by William R. Ewald, Jr. (Indiana University Press, $6.95). The result is a stirring, stimulating, baffling book, in which brilliance of analysis is to be found side by side with impenetrable opacity of thought. Yet it is a volume that everyone who is concerned with the quality of life should read.

Universities in the United States have devoted considerable facilities in men, money, and space to urban research, the pathological aspects of city life—suicide, alcoholism, drug-addiction, and delinquency. Biologists, too, have now entered this arena, formerly reserved for sociologists and psychologists; overcrowded rats stop reproducing, they find, and some birds become maniacally aggressive if their territories are invaded. *Ergo* human beings . . . But, as John W. Dyckman says in his essay "City Planning and the Treasury of Science" (by far the wisest of these papers):

> It is virtually impossible to assign meaning to these findings. Urbanization is a process which stands for a whole cluster of other processes, and for scores of social and economic variables.

And men are neither rodents nor birds. Hong Kong, the densest of human colonies, breeds furiously, and mankind clusters like gannets without going mad with rage. The effect of urban environment on people is exceptionally complex; the danger lies in concentrating on mechanical shortcomings, congestion, pollution, noise, substandard architecture. Easy to measure and turn into socio-political debate, they have been the happy hunting grounds for planners. From these preoccupations developed a derogation of city life, a stress on its unnaturalness for man, a growing mythology that is preoccupied with a city's anonymity, the loneliness of its crowd, its destruction of family life, and its rootlessness. The city, in fact, of Satan. And to highpoint its evil, an even sillier mythology has grown up about the satisfactions of small rural communities, the contact with nature, the face-to-face living, the naturalness of craft; we are told that making things by hand gratifies man in a way that constructing objects by machine never can. Beyond the city is a golden world of environmental harmony, which the city will continue to destroy until totally replanned.

This nonsense, which reaches back to Thoreau, is particularly prevalent in Christopher Alexander's contribution. It is totally unhistorical. Anyone who has worked in the annals of peasant culture or studied the records of small towns knows that these communities are as riven with jealousy, envy and hate, as capable of cold indifference, of neglect, of alienation as any group of city or suburban dwellers. And nothing is more absurd than some qualities that are now attributed to families. One such non-historically based concept is that the modern city has taken education out of the family circle and so lowered the prestige of the father. Outside simple agrarian and peasant societies, education in the family has been the habit only among the unskilled. The apprentice system and the education of the rich well away from home have been constant factors in Western civilization. Even amongst the poor, domestic service in other families provided what education they received.

One is appalled by the lack of historical dimension in so much modern sociology as well as urban studies. This is particularly true of the American Institute of Planners' conference. Often they express themselves with warm-hearted rhetoric. They know slums and ghettoes exist and that they should not. They realize the social tensions of cities, the hatred and fear between the rich and the poor; the splendor of the former's environment, the ugliness of the latter's. At *no* place, however, does the conference discuss the nature of political action required to effect change. In many ways these planners are like generals deep in the tactics and strategy of war without an army to fight it. Social progress and the improvement of cities have been due to two fundamental processes: one, technological advance, which could be quickly exploited for private profit; the other, radical political protest.

Stanley J. Hallett and Calvin S. Hamilton, who come near to a discussion of the need for action, are aware that politics and planning are intertwined, but the solutions they offer are social, not political. They are great believers in "cross-fertilization," in the foundation of mixed groups to participate in planning activity, in democratic decisions at the small-group level. This is splendid until one is brought up sharply by this naïve admittance: "The most difficult task is

"No, I didn't invite him. I thought you did."

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to get cross-fertilization between neighborhood groups such as the Negro ghetto and the white affluent middle-class neighborhood groups."

This is, of course, the core of the matter. How can planning work in a society that has sharp social divisions due to disparity in wealth as well as difference in color? How can planning work if profit, personal or corporate, must be a more urgent motive than control and conservation? So long as society is structured as it is, there will be slums: the looming towers on the fringe of Harlem are more hygienic at the moment than the old slums; they have more amenities—light, air, and no rats—but they are not the environment of the future. By 2025 they will be decrepit, sordid, slums. Without political action, no amount of thinking about environment, no amount of planning the optimum space and minimal communal facilities can be effective, except for those who possess the advantages already. And that means political action of a radical nature. The history of the last hundred years shouts this fact aloud. Human beings are like carrion crows, not Christians. They will not give up what they have to the poor; they have to be scared before they will disgorge.

Environmental problems get too easily abstracted from social problems—and the latter from their historical roots. These planners tend to define all problems in terms of architecture, communications, sociology, and psychology, and to leave class structure and politics alone.

Curiously, they neglect the enticements and attractions of urban life. The city, after all, has for centuries been a magnet for human beings, who have flocked into them whatever the conditions. Urban slums have always been more desirable to men than rural poverty and subjection. The greater social freedom of cities, the greater diversity that they offer to the eye as well as the mind, the heart as well as the head, have, for the majority of men, always outweighed the disadvantages of overcrowding, noise, disease and even, in the earlier periods, the higher chance of death. But planners are more concerned with health than joy. Again, the root cause is a lack of both historical sense and knowledge.

What one misses so far in this conference is the dimension of time, any analysis of how men have secured control of environment, or in fact what has caused them not only to achieve it where they did, but also what has attracted men to and held them in vast incoherent industrial or environmental congeries. Indeed, though unfailingly stimulating and at times brilliant, this book views the future without the past—a sad comment on the declining social authority of historians. —J. H. PLUMB.

Revolution in the Cloth

A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church, *by Father James Kavanaugh (Trident. 190 pp. $4.95),* ***The Catholic Avant-Garde: French Catholicism Since World War II,*** *by Jean-Marie Domenach and Robert de Montvalon (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 245 pp. $5.95), and* ***The New Nuns,*** *edited by Sister M. Charles Borromeo, C.S.C. (New American Library. 216 pp. $4.95), press for reforms more revolutionary than those envisioned by the bishops during Vatican II. Daniel Callahan, executive editor of Commonweal, is the author of "The Mind of the Catholic Layman," "Honesty in the Church," and "The New Church."*

By DANIEL CALLAHAN

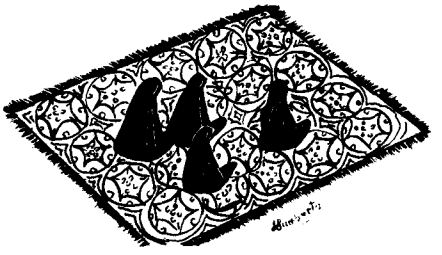
NOTHING gets out of hand so quickly as cautious attempts at institutional reform. Either one should plan to go all the way, not playing around the edges, or it would be wiser not to start at all. During the Second Vatican Council the Catholic bishops of the world sought to reform the Church; not too little reform or too much. On paper, the Council Fathers succeeded in this aim. The documents they issued were models of balance, nodding respectfully to the past while recognizing present needs and future hopes. Just the kind of documents, in other words, that one might expect of elderly men faithful to old loyalties but sensible enough to see a new generation and a new world in the making.

The Council Fathers were of course wise enough to anticipate some trouble in the aftermath of Vatican II. They knew, and said, that the desired reforms could not be achieved overnight. But they were confident that, with understanding and forbearance, the changes could be made and all would be well. They intended reform—quiet, careful, gradual reform.

What they got, it now seems clear, is an incipient revolution. This has been no surprise to the conservative minority, who continually predicted during the Council that change, any change, would end in chaos and rebellion. So far their most dire predictions have not been borne out, but with every passing month their cold calculations look increasingly accurate. Even a number of purported "liberals"—Pope Paul VI among them—have begun to have second thoughts, warning of "excessive zeal" and "dangerous tendencies" and "threats to authority."

Many facts appear to substantiate these worries. There has been a drop in vocations to the priesthood and the religious orders, a decline in conversions, a rising number of conflicts between priests and bishops, the emergence of radical theologians. There have been well-publicized incidents of priests marrying and nuns walking out of their convents. Yet to the credit of the bishops innumerable changes have also been made. Many of the reforms that the Council aimed for—in the liturgy, in parish life, in cooperation among the bishops—are rapidly becoming a reality.

What baffles the bishops is the escalating dissatisfaction, which is always one and sometimes two jumps ahead of their reforms. Not for centuries have the Pope and the bishops been exposed to



the kind of attack they are now getting within the Church. Not for centuries have so many long-cherished Catholic teachings come under such concerted criticisms.

Certainly, most of the bishops are likely to be dismayed by Father James Kavanaugh's book, *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church.* Here is a priest with a thoroughly conventional Catholic childhood, a doctorate from Catholic University, thirteen years of parish work and high school teaching behind him—a priest, in short, cut from the purest Catholic cloth—leveling a full charge of buckshot at the Church.

You name it and Father Kavanaugh assaults it. The Church's requirement of priestly celibacy he calls a "senseless law." The priest, he says, is "the collected myth of the centuries, the arrogant and opinionated talking machine that beguiles and frightens men." In his own mind, the Catholic "will be guilty if his eyes rest on a rounded breast or gaze too longingly at swaying hips. Sex is the chief and single sin, man's fleshly battle with the world." Society offers

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"no finer example of monarchy" than the Catholic parish in its structure and organization, and the image of the pastor remains that of a "medieval baron." Of the parochial schools Father Kavanaugh says, "There is no modern folly to match that of the Catholic bishops who continue to erect Catholic schools." The structure of convents, he charges, can put those with serious moral problems "through the terror of the damned." In upholding the Church's present teaching on birth control, the Pope is "tearing homes apart." Nor does Father Kavanaugh, as part of the system, spare himself. He admits that out of fear, loyalty, and unreasoned faith he has often misled people who came to him for help. He confesses he was "selfish and frightened" in his devotion to celibacy.

Now, not even a Paul Blanshard ever wrote this way. It is the kind of prose usually reserved to pulp pamphlets written to expose the whore of Babylon. But there is one difference. Father Kavanaugh undeniably loves the Church. His denunciation is expressive more of a priest unable to bear the discrepancy between Christian ideal and Catholic reality than of a man trying to evaluate the Church dispassionately. For just that reason Father Kavanaugh's book has a compelling power. It cuts not only through the pretensions of an antiquated Church, but also through the Church of Vatican II. It screams and it shouts. But what comes through is the voice of a man who takes Christianity seriously, who will not be put off, who will say what he thinks must be said whatever the cost to him personally.

Perhaps the key to Father Kavanaugh's power can be found in some words of Emmanuel Mounier, a man who in the context of a progressive French Catholicism wrote over twenty years ago, "An error or a heresy can be refuted, condemned, or extirpated. But you do not refute a drama . . ." Within contemporary American Catholicism, Father Kavanaugh symbolizes the real drama of reform, just as, before him, Mounier and his circle symbolized the drama of an awakening French Catholicism.

Between the French Catholicism following the Second World War and the American Catholicism of today there are some instructive similarities, similarities that have little to do with geography or national temperament. As the intensely interesting documents and statements collected by Jean-Marie Domenach and Robert de Montvalon in *The Catholic Avant-Garde* make abundantly evident, most of the supposedly radical ideas now being talked about in America were discussed in France long ago. Thus in the early Forties a French Dominican priest, Father M. I. Montuclard, could ringingly condemn "the conservatism of orthodoxy; lies which inevitably favor an exterior, meddling morality; and the hypocrisy of formal marriages, in which neither love nor fidelity is present. . . ." Another Dominican, Father Yves Congar, spoke of the need for a break "with a moribund Christendom." Abbé Depierre, in words as sharp as those of a Father Kavanaugh, openly scorned "the juridical formalism and the hypocrisy of Christians." In 1944, a distinguished French Catholic historian lamented the Church's often fanatical faith in separate Catholic schools. In a word, a good number of Father Kavanaugh's bitterest complaints sound shopworn when placed beside the French Catholic grievances of a generation ago. They are still valid, but they are hardly new, even within Catholicism.

What is new, very new, is the tone of a Father Kavanaugh and the absence of a serene faith in the ultimate good sense of a Church authority, which marked most of the French progressives. On the whole, the French remained exceedingly deferential to the bishops and the Pope, even while they obliquely differed with their decisions. There was little of the shrillness and the palpable anger so pronounced in Father Kavanaugh's book. Teilhard de Chardin was willing to accept authority's refusal to allow publication of his work, the product of a lifetime. By contrast, though Father Kavanaugh received no permission to publish his book, he went ahead and issued it anyway.

The difference is not just that between a great French thinker and an obscure American priest. Instead, one senses in Father Kavanaugh—and in many other Catholics today—that the patience which sustained earlier reformers has spent itself. A Congar, a Chardin, a Montuclard, a de Lubac was willing to bear all manner of insult and condemnation without breaking away from their priesthood. A Father Kavanaugh is willing to do the same but, unlike the French reformers, he will not allow himself to be silenced or quietly bide his time until a better day. He wants Christianity now; he is not interested in pious excuses. The difference is crucial, nothing less than that between evolution and revolution.

The sisters who speak in *The New Nuns*, a collection of essays on reform in the women's religious orders, live somewhere between evolution and revolution. On the one hand, they do not hesitate to score the anachronisms that mark the life of the nun: the paternalism of their orders, the blindness and stupidity of those male Roman authorities who ultimately control their destinies, the genteel totalitarianism lurking behind the myriad rules by which they are bound. On the other hand, they speak in gentle voices, not because of any insipid femininity but because they still hope for meaningful reforms. Patient beyond belief, the sisters share with the editor of these collected essays her conviction that "The gradual increase of personal freedom and social relevance will witness to the Spirit who breathes where He will."

Their conviction has substance, for the orders are rapidly changing. "The new nuns"—and the expression is just right—are indeed "tough-minded and competent," as the editor puts it. If they do not always know precisely where they are trying to go, a point they readily concede, they are at any rate trying to get there as quickly as possible. They ask themselves hard questions, engage in open experimentation, and enthusiastically look about for contemporary needs which reformed religious orders could meet.

In all this the sisters seem much closer to the spirit of the gradualist French reformers than to Father Kavanaugh. Yet the similarities in tone and patience may be misleading. Though none of the nuns writing in this volume appears ready to go after the entire Church with the vigor they pursue change within the women's orders, one catches many a scent of the same dynamic at work. Much of what they say about their orders could be said about the Church as a whole. If the orders fail to change quickly and radically enough, more than one nun will likely be writing Father Kavanaugh's kind of book.

Oddly enough, little has been heard of French Catholicism since the Council. The dynamic of Catholicism has apparently passed into German, Dutch, and Anglo-American hands. That this dynamic has the power to explode is apparent in Father Kavanaugh's book. That it also has the power to hold itself in a tough-minded check is evident in *The New Nuns*. One way or the other, the nervous Pope and bishops can look forward to a future full of troubles. They have not gotten the quiet reform that they wanted. But the revolution they unwittingly started may in the long run do the Church far more good.

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Swedish Design for Living

Sex and Society in Sweden, *by Birgitta Linnér with Richard J. Litell (Pantheon. 204 pp. $5.95), reports on the present situation and future vision of a nation seeking true equality between men and women. George Krupp, M.D., past president of the Nassau County Neuropsychiatric Society, is a practicing psychoanalyst.*

By GEORGE KRUPP

THIS is an important book. While its title accurately describes the subject matter, it does not convey the scope of the authoritative and honest report by Mrs. Birgitta Linnér, a staff counselor and teacher at the Stockholm Family Counseling Bureau. *Sex and Society in Sweden* presents a vision, a blueprint, and a reality. The vision is of a future when men and women will live as absolute equals in a society designed to give them fulfillment in their "human roles." The blueprint consists of sixty pages of sex education material for children and young people. The reality is a report documenting the state of sexual affairs in Sweden now.

In that country, a democratic welfare state midway between capitalism and socialism, people are engaged in one of the boldest and sanest experiments in living ever undertaken by a modern nation. They are seeking "a new place for sex in a democracy." The new place is a consequence of an old idea that should seem familiar to Americans—namely, that all human beings are created free and equal, and are entitled to life, liberty (including full sexual liberty), and the pursuit of happiness.

Abstract words are one thing; concrete examples another. The translation of theory into practice in Sweden today makes clear what equality is all about. If the sexes are equal, the female is entitled to know at the earliest appropriate age all about contraception, and she should have access to the necessary birth control measures. Thus Swedish boys and girls of fourteen and older receive compulsory sex education, including information about contraception, and girls over fifteen can procure such information from the state without obtaining parental permission.

IF there is equality between the sexes, it doesn't necessarily have to be the wife who stays at home after a child is born. Either parent might care for the infant during its first three years, or perhaps both parents, with each working part-time.

The unwed mother should not be punished, and neither should her child. In Sweden mother and child are considered a family; the woman can call herself "Mrs.," and legally there is no such thing as an illegitimate child. The state, in fact, appoints a guardian to protect the child's rights to "adequate care, training and education," and the law allows the child to inherit from the father as well as from the mother and her relatives.

Divorce in most cases should be possible on no other basis than a mutual decision, without having to assign culpability to either partner. Alimony is determined on the grounds of actual need, and a wife may be obliged to pay alimony to her ex-husband.

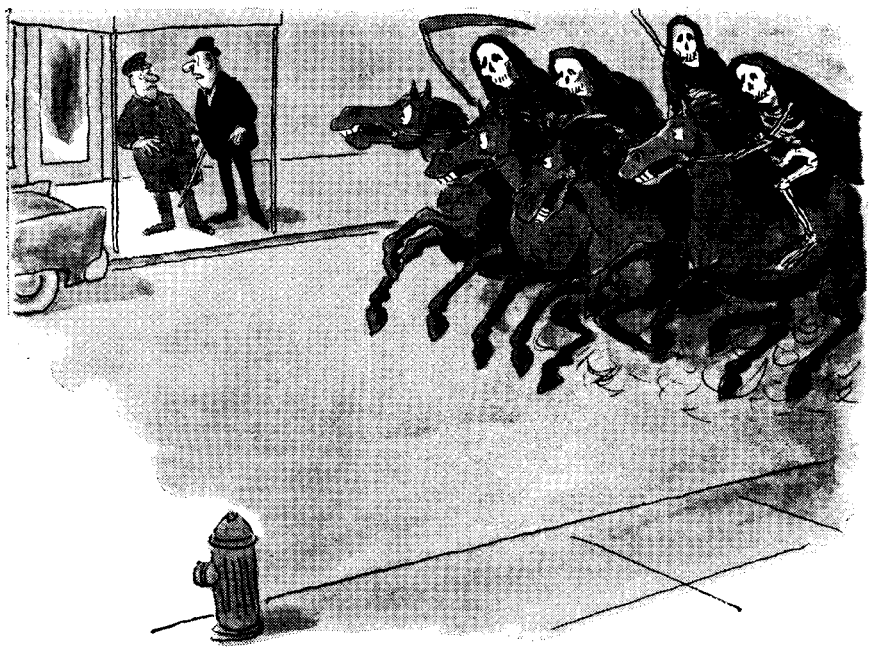
AT the heart of the Swedish experiment is an emphasis on responsibility. This is the bedrock on which the social structure stands. First, there is individual responsibility in sex; this means the right to premarital relations, provided each person assumes responsibility for the other's well-being and provided that together they assume responsibility for their actions, so that an unwanted child is not born. Second, marriage is an act of maturity, with parenthood as a goal—wanted children living with parents who want each other. Third, the children are educated to live in a democracy where they, in turn, assume responsibility.

Formal sex education may begin when the child is seven years old and continue through all the public school years. Its philosophy is humanistic, its approach pragmatically frank. In Appendix G, for example, which excerpts a booklet prepared for youngsters in the ninth to twelfth grades, impotence and frigidity are discussed.

Because Mrs. Linnér is clear-eyed and realistic, she sees—and reports—the gap between the dream and the fact. Sex education is often by-passed or ignored or badly taught, and in Mrs. Linnér's opinion it fails the teen-ager by not accepting the likelihood of premarital sexual relations and emphasizing the need for precautions as well as the responsibilities of love.

There are other stubborn realities that resist the yoke of social control in Sweden. Irresponsible behavior by young people has caused a rise in venereal disease rates; one out of three Swedish brides is pregnant at marriage; one out of six marriages ends in divorce, and an estimated 5,000 to 20,000 illegal abortions are performed each year, despite Sweden's comparatively liberal abortion law.

The book merits serious attention by anyone who, like Mrs. Linnér, dreams of a world in which men and women share life to the full, and in which they do not have to cross a field that is mined with guilt, unwanted pregnancies, abortions, and venereal disease in order to reach the garden of Eden.



"Let's hope they're on their way to a costume party."

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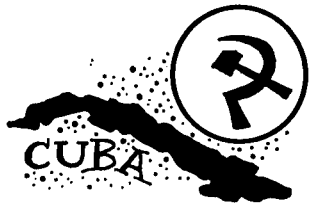
Bone-Bred Rebel from Biran



Castro's Cuba, Cuba's Fidel, *by Lee Lockwood (Macmillan. 288 pp. $9.95), uses camera and tape recorder to capture the personality of the man who may be the "first young people's premier." Sam Halper, a staff member of Time-Life Books, was formerly the Caribbean Bureau chief for Time.*

By SAM HALPER

POLITICALLY speaking, Cuba's Fidel Castro is the swinger of our time. It was not by accident that *Playboy* featured a large chunk of this picture-interview book by Lee Lockwood in its January 1967 issue.

Castro is also one of the most misunderstood political figures of the century. The U.S. has grown more sophisticated about the Russians, the Rumanians, even the Chinese; but Castro it stubbornly continues to measure by timeworn clichés—even the "walks-like-a-duck, talks-like-a-duck, must-be-a-duck" brand of folk wisdom.

Castro doesn't fit the old categories; he only appears to.

While he is of the Left and works with and takes aid from Moscow, Castro is not a Communist in the Stalinist sense, nor even in the Titoist sense. Assailing the old-line Communist parties of Cuba and the rest of Latin America as reformist, scorning Moscow for its "shameful capitulations" to the U.S. in the Middle East, he roams the Communist world restlessly, an angry, ambitious young spirit without a home. In neither of the great political establishments—Moscow's or Washington's—can Castro find a place for himself.

Some time ago a U.S. Government agency prepared a psychiatric report on Castro. The facts are available to all serious scholars. He grew to manhood in the midst of constant parental discord. The family home in Biran (a frontierlike area in Oriente Province) was torn by loud, bitter quarrels between Castro's hard-bitten, self-made, immigrant father and his ambitious, strong-willed mother, daughter of a one-time servant in the Castro household. The mother, at first the father's mistress, engaged in extramarital affairs, occasionally running away with men and leaving her stern, proud husband to weep for the woman he loved. Fidel's home was not a refuge but a storm center.

The government report concluded that Castro is a bone-bred rebel against authority. Anyone who has spent time with him could have told the agency this. Lockwood, whose respect for Castro's feelings at all times approaches the worshipful, refrains from saying it outright, yet time after time his book evidences Castro's inherent rebellion.

Lockwood recounts a personal anecdote that illustrates the dictator's feeling about time. "'I will see you again very soon and we will have our talk,' Fidel Castro had promised in May. Now it was August and I was still waiting . . . and beginning to run out of time and money and, most of all, patience."

At one time Castro aspired to become an orthodox Marxist. He had ousted Batista with the aid of allies who were decidedly unrevolutionary from a Marxist point of view. Instead of the workers and the Negroes, his cohorts had largely been members of the middle and professional classes, Rotarians, Lions. If anything, Castro's rebellion against Batista had to contend with the indifference, even hostility, of the lower classes. True, the farmers in the Sierra Maestra had joined his camp because of the brutalities of government troops, a sense of alienation from a central government that had long disregarded them, and the important fact that Castro was in the mountains, living among them. But the farmers were the exception. In 1958 the Negroes in Santiago, Cuba's second largest city, sang derisively: "The Whites to the hills and the Blacks to the Carnival." In 1957 in Havana I noted that when upper-class Castroites met to plot, they waited to speak until the servants left the room.

Nevertheless, within a year after his victory, Castro began destroying the middle-class July 26 Movement and endeavored to become allied with the workers and Negroes. He tried to create the legend that his had been an orthodox proletarian revolution. On this Lockwood rightly challenges Castro.

BUT if Fidel, for his own reasons, persists in this story, his other pretenses to Communist orthodoxy have been brief. Though in April 1961, on the eve of the Playa Girón invasion, he proclaimed himself a Marxist-Leninist for the obvious reason that he needed all the help he could muster for the forthcoming onslaught, eleven months later Castro scathingly denounced Cuba's Communist Party leaders. Of their efforts to take

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

AHOY!

You are ordered by Admiral Lorraine Wise of Winnipeg to place each of these captains of literature on the bridge of his own ship, and to identify them with their creators. If you're unseaworthy, make for port on page 28.

Capt. Clendenning ( )	A. *Reluctant*	1. James Gould Cozzens
Capt. Hawks ( )	B. *Vera*	2. Edna Ferber
Capt. Hornblower ( )	C. *We're Here*	3. C. S. Forester
Capt. Larsen ( )	D. *Hispaniola*	4. Thomas Heggen
Capt. Morton ( )	E. *S.S. San Pedro*	5. Rudyard Kipling
Capt. Nemo ( )	F. *H.M.S. Lydia*	6. Jack London
Capt. Queeg ( )	G. *H.M.S. Indomitable*	7. Frederick Marryat
Capt. Smollett ( )	H. *H.M.S. Harpy*	8. Herman Melville
Capt. Thiele ( )	I. *Caine*	9. Katherine Anne Porter
Capt. Troop ( )	J. *Nautilus*	10. R. L. Stevenson
Capt. Vere ( )	K. *Ghost*	11. Jules Verne
Capt. Wilson ( )	L. *Cotton Blossom*	12. Herman Wouk

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over his revolution, he snorted: "What do they think? That they won this revolution in a raffle?" Later he staged a public trial that revealed how the old-line Communist Party had worked with Batista against the rebels in 1957.

Today, the secretary general of Cuba's Communist Party is not a Communist, nor is the commander of the Cuban armed forces. Cuba, rather, has a government that runs according to the pleasure and rhythm of its leader, as a careful reading of Lockwood's book demonstrates. Fidel rises when he chooses, dresses as he wishes, says pretty much what he pleases, and keeps a schedule attuned not to bureaucratic norms but to his own inner clock. Lockwood once watched him playing dominoes for three days in an army tent.

It turns out that the Communists who in 1957 prissily called Fidel a bourgeois romantic were right. Though he has publicly embraced Communism, he is utterly unlike any other Communist chief of state, and resembles to this day the typical alienated young bourgeois—undisciplined, hedonistic, with wrinkled clothes and untied shoelaces, in perpetual rebellion against his class. Like many thwarted bourgeois, Castro is a Bohemian; he is too old-fashioned to be called a beatnik. He has a respect for hard work, a distaste for marijuana and drugs, and a sense of the basic amenities. He is also a political scientist of rare acumen, with an aptitude for barnyard logic and for relating to the common folk that is staggering.

But—and this should be emphasized—he also has many of the beatnik qualities: he eats when he wants, bathes when he wants, scratches wherever he wants, rejects a normal life. Even before his divorce he was rarely at home. It was his brother Raul who went to see Fidel's son Raulito, who played with him and kept alive some sense of family in the household. It was Raul who remained close to his mother and sisters after the revolution, visiting them often, as Fidel rarely did. Nowadays, when Fidel gets tired of it all, he goes to the apartment of Celia Sanchez, that devoted, selfless woman who was by his side in the Sierra Maestra and even then was like a mother to him. She soothes him, coaxes him, sees that he gets what he wants to eat, argues with him, and renews him.

THE more that one recalls him and the more one refreshes his memory from Lockwood's very alive book, the more Castro emerges as the first of rebellious youth to take power. Fidel is perhaps the first young people's premier. He is the first head of state to stop playing the game according to the old rules. Other leaders, from Nkrumah to Hitler, have ended up riding in Rolls-Royces or Mercedeses, wearing plumed uniforms or tailor-made suits, attended by protocol experts. It is symbolic that the Cuban leader clings fiercely to the beard and the uniform of the hills, that he continues to disregard appointments, protocol, and dogma.

He has compromised less and remained more the revolutionary than any of his counterparts. The Soviet dictator may have taken off his shoe and banged it on a U.N. desk, but he also went in for soft Italian tailoring; the Chinese Red chiefs—if the wall posters are to be believed—built themselves pleasure compounds in the Forbidden City; Mussolini may have strutted in his Squadristi uniform, but at Munich he quavered; even Adolf Hitler made Eva Braun into a respectable married woman at the last minute. Fidel remains true. The young of the New Left see him as the one who didn't cop out or sell out, and they are devoted to him and to his representative in the field, Che Guevara. Unchangeability is not necessarily a virtue; but in the business of revolution, where the sellout is almost the rule, Fidel's fidelity to the idea of revolution endears him to the disillusioned. Of course, Fidel engineered one historic sellout: he betrayed the middle classes that put him into power. But he did that to free himself of any obligation to the July 26 Movement, so that he might make his own sort of revolution.

WORKING with tape recorder and camera, Lee Lockwood has nevertheless avoided sounding canned, and has presented a vivid Castro. Unfortunately, his is a limited portrait. The author shows some deficiencies in knowledge; he was insufficiently prepared, for example, to counter such misstatements as those about the anti-Castro rebels in the Escambray Mountains in 1960-61, or to knock down some of Fidel's logical-sounding pipedreams—*e.g.*, his monologue on the superior economic position of food-growing countries over industrialized nations. It may be that it is not an author's place to argue with his subject; however, Lee Lockwood does counter Fidel on some points. Under any circumstances, the writer's function goes beyond recording the subject's remarks. Lockwood's inability to reconcile his obvious sympathy for Fidel with the professional detachment one expects from a journalist seriously detracts from his book. If it were as fair-minded about Castro's actions as it is insightful into his personality, this would have been a great work. It remains a warm portrait and an interesting contribution to the slim body of knowledge about Cuba's revolution.

"Hi there, swinger!"

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: E1 (*S.S. San Pedro*), L2 (*Show Boat*), F3 (*Capt. Horatio Hornblower*), K6 (*The Sea Wolf*), A4 (*Mister Roberts*), J11 (*Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*), I12 (*The Caine Mutiny*), D10 (*Treasure Island*), B9 (*Ship of Fools*), C5 (*Captains Courageous*), G8 (*Billy Budd*), H7 (*Mr. Midshipman Easy*).

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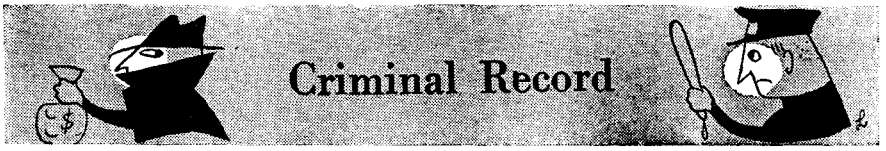

Conan Doyle: A Biography. *By Pierre Nordon. Translated from the French by Frances Partridge. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $7.95. This definitive and absorbing account is divided into two parts: "The Man" and "The Writer." We see Conan Doyle as patriot and as lover of justice in cases where he played detective to good purpose. We see him as the inventor of Sherlock Holmes and the author of much other high entertainment; the whole corpus of his work is examined in detail. M. Nordon heads the English Department at the University of Nantes, and his classes are undoubtedly jam-packed.

Women in Crime: Five Revealing Cases. *By Tony Parker. Drawings by Anthony Colbert. Delacorte.* $4.50. A nineteen-year-old robber, a forger aged twenty-four, a burglar of thirty, a confidence gal of forty, a thief of sixty, and, for good measure, a Borsal graduate of twenty-two are the dramatis personae in these well-handled and moving recitals by a sympathetic English writer.

The Art of Spying. *By Enrico Altavilla. Prentice-Hall.* $4.95. This concise and breezy little manual doesn't tell everything but it tells a lot, all of it fascinating and carrying a fine air of authenticity. Author is on staff of *Corriere della sera* of Milan.

Inside the FBI. *By Norman Ollestad. Lyle Stuart.* $5.95. This remembrance of things past is unflattering to the top brass and to many of the subject's former co-workers; organization's 6,200 agents include only twenty-seven Negroes, we are told twice. Overghosted.

Chance to Kill. *By Dell Shannon. Morrow.* $3.95. Lt. Luis Rodolfo Vicente Mendoza of L.A.P.D. and his capable crew tackle a grab-bag of crimes ranging from light-bulb pilferage to the murder of a Negro policewoman; recent Supreme Court decisions unliked. In the groove.

Gat Heat. *By Richard S. Prather. Trident.* $3.95. Shell Scott, indomitable West Coast peeper, scores heavily in his thirty-sixth start; ancient weapon deals death; recent Supreme Court decisions unliked here too. Flip, fleshy, fast.

Vulcan's Hammer. *By Daniel Da Cruz. New American Library.* $4.95. Disappearance of government scientist sets Washington agog as this tale lifts off with a whoosh and a roar; at times it is outrageously funny, at other times deadly serious. Pass it up at your peril.

Flying Finish. *By Dick Francis. Harper & Row.* $4.95. English amateur jockey (titled, too) takes job air-ferrying horses to Europe-South America-USA, and everything is copesetic until the bad guys reach in. Aviation buffs will be delighted and so will everybody else.

The Bright Green Waistcoat. *By Pete Fry. Roy.* $3.50. Pete Fry, London shamus, accepts case involving trip to Dublin with fat fee at end; then he wonders if his clients aren't too good to be true; they are dead. A real teaser that holds the attention solidly.

All Men Are Lonely Now. *By Francis Clifford. Coward-McCann.* $4.95. This high-tension tingler recounts the unmasking of a traitor in a British security office; rural Irish holidays are for love; termination is a lulu.

Case with Three Husbands. *By Margaret Erskine. Crime Club.* $3.95. Detective Inspector Septimus Finch, Scotland Yard, convalescing from hood-inflicted gunshot wound, plans final recuperation in seaside village, but murder tags along; old-family situation, with oddballs present; pace pleasantly leisurely.

Ellery Queen's All-Star Lineup. *Edited by Ellery Queen. New American Library.* $5.95. This twenty-second annual selection of tales from *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* contains twenty-two stories by name writers, English, French, American. Shakespeare fans will be especially happy.

—Sergeant Cuff.

"Be gentle with me."

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Marked Man in Vicious Circles

The Scapegoat, *by August Strindberg, translated from the Swedish by Arvid Paulson (Eriksson. 175 pp. $4.50), which culminated the dramatist's career as a novelist, concerns a naïve lawyer, an ambitious restaurateur, and a satanic chief of police. Edward M. Potoker is professor of comparative literature at the City University of New York.*

By EDWARD M. POTOKER

AUGUST STRINDBERG, Sweden's greatest dramatist and a major architect of the contemporary sensibility, is chiefly known for plays like *The Father, Miss Julie,* and *The Ghost Sonata.* His prose output, however, was enormous, including works on history, science, and sociology. Like Balzac and Dostoevsky, Strindberg wrote unceasingly under harrowing pressures, finding some release from tension through literary creation. He made a reputation for himself as a novelist with realistic studies such as *The Red Room* and *The Natives of Hemsö,* which remain Scandinavian classics although they are of limited interest to international audiences.

The Scapegoat, finished in June 1906, is the culmination of Strindberg's career as a novelist and one of his most successful prose works. In April of 1906, several months before he founded the Intimate Theater, Strindberg became dissatisfied with his work as a dramatist. He sharply criticized his own plays as well as those of Shakespeare, whom he usually admired. The drama was contrived, he decided, and people connected with the theater were hypocrites and frauds. "Balzac's novel form attracts me most at the moment," he wrote. "It permits one to explain himself, interpret individuals, see them within, to their foundations." Strindberg literally wanted to become Balzac, whose work he knew thoroughly. The nearest he got to it was in *The Scapegoat,* which surely echoes the French master but seems, in translation, just as close to Dostoevsky.

Allowing Strindberg room to probe motives that lurk behind equivocal human behavior, *The Scapegoat* revolves around three central characters: Libotz, the naïve lawyer with a belief in justice; Askanius, the restaurateur with a ludicrous appetite for large ideas, and Tjärne, the chief of police whose hatred of people, particularly friends, inspires a number of hideous betrayals.

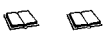
Outsider and stranger, Libotz, a man of Central European origin, tries to practice law in a sleepy Swedish town notable for its gossip and stagnant repose. He is a marked man from the beginning. His appearance is against him. His name annoys people: "It has something offensive about it. It would have been better if your name had been Lobitz—at least it reminds one of something: a railroad station, or a mine. . . ." Plagued by a greedy, dishonest father, Libotz is falsely accused of drunkenness, libel, and malpractice. A natural scapegoat, he bears the hatred of others who graft their meanness onto him. Because he does not return hatred with hatred, he survives. Indeed, he thrives on his undeserved bad reputation, making a very good living out of it. Strindberg gives Libotz considerable dimension by identifications, not always subtle, with Job, Ahasuerus, and Christ. It is the author's psychology rather than his allegory, however, that makes this character study impressive.

Libotz's closest friend is the fatuous bourgeois Askanius, a former singer who feeds the somnolent village in a second-class restaurant. His desire, which borders on megalomania, is to build a first-class establishment, where rich and poor can eat together and exchange ideas. He makes his shabby dream come true, calling it, in large letters, ASKANIUS. But the rich and poor properly want nothing to do with each other—Askanius's democratic instincts are as premature as they are hilarious—and the grandiose eatery is soon shattered by a gas explosion. Askanius is finally put out of business by conniving authorities, principally Tjärne, whom Askanius honors.

The most problematic character is police chief Tjärne, malign, evasive, always ready to use his friends' abject confessions against them. He is described as serpentine and wormy, a small-time modern Satan, just as Libotz is a small-time modern Christ. Strindberg hints that Tjärne's malice derives from the stain of his birth—his mother, like Strindberg's, was indiscreet—but there is something about the policeman that is too mysterious, too excessive, unless one is prepared to accept the inexplicable nature of evil.

The Scapegoat is clearly the work of a master. Flawed but enlivened by Strindberg's own persecution mania, the novel has the intuitions of genius, the piercing, expressive energy that we find in Dostoevsky or D. H. Lawrence. And Strindberg's descriptive passages, especially those about rural life, rival the brilliant village scenes of Balzac, which they so often resemble. In this first, long overdue American publication of the novel, we have an exceedingly good translation by Arvid Paulson, who, however, makes no attempt to render Libotz's dialect, the patterns of speech that display his simple, loving nature and reinforce his role as outsider. Professor Richard B. Vowles has contributed a scholarly and informative introduction.

August Strindberg—"the intuitions of genius."



Life Is a Cruel Absurdity: To be or not to be, that is the question that torments the hero of Françoise Mallet-Joris's pretentiously baleful novel *Signs and Wonders* (translated from the French by Herma Briffault; Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95). On page 406 he disposes of the question by disposing of himself.

I have given away the ending only because it is apparent at the beginning. Nicolas Léclusier tries from the first chapter to the last to reconcile himself to the facts of life. But he never can because Mme. Mallet-Joris demonstrates, with tiresome insistence, that life is only a cruel absurdity. Nicolas's mother, Wanda, knows this is so: after deportation to a camp in Germany during the war, instead of returning to her two sons, she married one of the guards at the camp and settled with him on a farm in the Rhineland. Nicolas's brother, Simon, has become a priest, devoting himself to vagrants. But Simon knows that the sacrifice of his life is pointless, just as Heinz, Wanda's husband, knows that it was just as pointless for him to cling to life.

For all the less lucid characters the author speaks directly to show the ironic

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futility of their lives: Nicolas's father, whose generosity perverted into possessiveness finds an object in one of Nicolas's former mistresses, a sick and crazy little dope addict named Colette; Nicolas's friend Yves, model husband and model son, yet berated by his father and abandoned by his wife; the much-envied career woman Béatrice, at heart just a mother tormented by the knowledge that her son is homosexual. There is a prodigious number of other characters—financiers, publishers, journalists, philanthropists, swindlers, prostitutes—all making up one huge parade of folly, a dance of death, in and out of which Nicolas Léclusier weaves his own hopeless way.

The adventures of this thirty-five-year-old novelist, who has just had a violent attack of disabusement, are too despairing and too humorless to be taken seriously. He has not got over his mother's marriage to her jailer, his brother's ordination, or the death of his girl friend Renata, a vegetarian who wore handicrafty tunics. To give God a chance to set things right for him in the world, Nicolas locks up his Paris flat and heads south on a newspaper assignment in the company of a beautiful reporter wearing a pseudo-Chanel *tailleur*. It is 1962, and they are to interview repatriates from Algeria for a magazine that turns out to be an OAS front. The scandal terminates their job, but they keep traipsing about—Nicolas brooding about signs and wonders, and Marcelle, who represents a force of nature or the eternal female, just bovinely content.

Lest Nicolas's troubles depress you unduly, dear reader, please reflect that this man who found no good in heaven or on earth was capable of eating almost eight croissants for breakfast and drinking three cups of instant coffee. *Allons, allons, Madame Mallet, pour qui nous prenez-vous?*

—Laurent LeSage.

Checklist of New Books

Crime, Suspense

Best Detective Stories of the Year. Edited by Anthony Boucher. Dutton. $4.50.

The Elephant Valley. By Finis Farr. Arlington House. $5.

Enemies of the Bride. By Osmington Mills. Roy. $3.50.

Famous Detectives: True Stories of Great Crime Detection. By Eugene B. Block. Doubleday. $4.95.

Here Comes a Candle. By Jane Aiken Hodge. Doubleday. $4.95.

The Shelton Conspiracy. By Rae Foley. Dodd, Mead. $3.95.

Thursday's Folly. By Judson Philips. Dodd, Mead. $3.95.

Unhallowed Murder. By Simon Nash. Roy. $3.50.

Current Affairs

American Fiscal Policy. Edited by Lester C. Thurow. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Cities in a Race with Time: Progress and Poverty in America's Renewing Cities. By Jeanne R. Lowe. Random House. $10.

Contemporary Political Analysis. Edited by James Charlesworth. Free Press. Hardbound, $8.50. Paperback, $3.95.

Cuba and the United States: Long Range Perspectives. Edited by John Plank. Brookings Institution. $6.75.

The Dirty Animal. By Henry Still. Hawthorn. $5.95.

The UN Secretary-General and the Maintenance of Peace. By Leon Gordenker. Columbia Univ. Press. $8.50.

Fiction

The Fatal Voyage. By François Ponthier. McKay. $4.95.

4 X 4: *Stairway to the Sea*, by Thomas Firth Jones; *This Night in Sodom*, by Charles Jules Reiter; *Custom*, by John Schultz; *The Apostate Heriger*, by Anthony Shafton. Grove. $5.

Hunger. By Knut Hamsun. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.

Larger Than Life. By Dino Buzzati. Walker. $3.95.

The Man with the Chocolate Egg. By John Noone. Grove. $4.95.

Night Falls on the City. By Sarah Gainham. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.95.

The Paradise Bit. By William K. Zinsser. Little, Brown. $5.95.

The Senator's Lady. By Shirley Seifert. Lippincott. $5.95.

History

An Introduction to Russian History. By Nicholas L. Fr.-Chirovsky. Philosophical Library. $4.50.

The French Revolution. Edited by Philip Dawson. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Modern Britain. By Pauline Gregg. Pegasus. $7.50.

The Modern History of China. By Henry McAleavy. Praeger. $7.50.

Miscellany

Across the Top of Russia. By Richard Petrow. McKay. $6.95.

Bigger Than a Breadbox. By Steve Allen. Doubleday. $4.95.

The Buried City: Excavations at Leptis Magna. By Ernesto V. Caffarelli, Giacomo Caputo and Fabrizio Clerici. Praeger. $20.

In Witch-Bound Africa. By Frank H. Melland. Barnes & Noble. $15.

Museums in New York. By Fred W. McDarrah. Dutton. $6.95.

The Smithsonian: Octopus on the Mall. By Geoffrey T. Hellman. Lippincott. $5.95.

Some Limericks. By Norman Douglas. Grove. $4.

The Story of the English Language. By Mario Pei. Lippincott. $6.95. (Revised edition.)

Personal History

All the Advantages. By Sam Toperoff. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.95.

The Complete Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu: Volume III, 1752-1762. Edited by Robert Halsband. Oxford Univ. Press. $13.45.

Edmund Burke: A Genius Reconsidered. By Russell Kirk. Arlington House. $5.

Edward and the Edwardians. By Philippe Jullian. Viking. $6.50.

Imperial Courtesan. By F. W. Kenyon. Dodd, Mead. $5.95.

Martov: A Political Biography of a Russian Social Democrat. By Israel Getzler. Cambridge Univ. Press. $12.50.

Paul King's Rebellion. By Arthur G. Cain. John Day. $4.95.

Robespierre. Edited by George Rudé. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Religion, Philosophy

Ecumenism. By Bernard Lambert, O. P. Herder & Herder. $13.50.

Introduction to the Bible. By Pierre Grelot. Herder & Herder. $7.50.

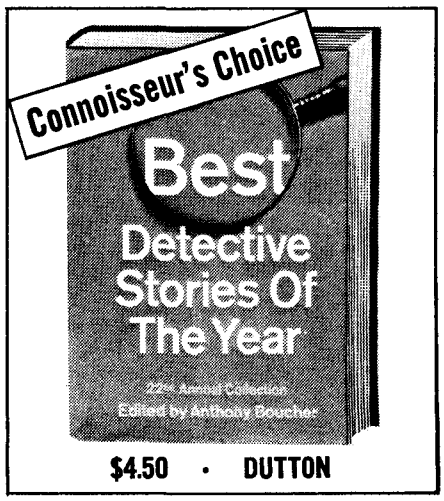
The Making of the Christian West 980-1140. By Georges Duby. Skira. $21.50.

Radical Theology: Phase Two. Edited by C. W. Christian and Glenn R. Wittig. Lippincott. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $2.25.

A Reporter Looks at American Catholicism. By Barrett McGurn. Hawthorn. $5.95.

Shinto: At the Fountainhead of Japan. By Jean Herbert. Stein & Day. $20.

—Compiled by Naid Sofian.



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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

The race to get the books out in the aftermath of the Israeli-Arab war was just as speedy and took as much strategy as the victory itself. Both Bantam's *Strike Zion!* (95¢) and New American Library's *Six Days in June: Israel's Fight for Survival* (75¢) were produced in publishing microseconds. Robert J. Donovan, *Los Angeles Times Mirror* Washington Bureau chief, headed the NAL operation, marshaling a squadron of Middle Eastern correspondents including Joe Alex Morris, Jr., who was arrested by Jordanians in Jerusalem. Later freed, he shuttled for days making his reports before cabling, "Have toothbrush in hip pocket my only possession other than wornout ball point pen and clothing I've been living in. . . ." While it was all gung ho with the NAL journalists, another drama was enacted at Bantam. CBC correspondent William Stevenson, in Israel since the action began, flew to New York on Friday, June 9, to cover the Security Council session, had lunch at the Algonquin on Saturday with Bantam editors and Leon Uris, who also agreed to contribute. For Stevenson that was the last square meal for ten days. A few hours later he boarded an El Al jet for Israel. After landing he spent more than a week borrowing jeeps, flying over the Gaza Strip inspecting damage, interviewing; finally on the ninth day an unshaven, haggard but triumphant Stevenson appeared at Kennedy Airport, where he was greeted by Bantam copy editors. That night the first twenty-five pages went off to the printer while Stevenson settled into a third-floor room at the Algonquin to knock out the rest of the book. Meanwhile on the eleventh floor Uris was adding the final luster to his own historical essay. Writing done, the chase wasn't over, not quite. Security measures cozy enough to keep Nasser himself under wraps were taken so that neither Bantam nor NAL knew what the other was doing. Messengers scurried around carrying copies in plain covers to hide the finished jackets from the opposition. Why the skulduggery? The publishers share the same printing plant in Chicago.

Top of the paperback lists these days is Roderick Thorp's novel *The Detective* (Avon, 95¢), a hardcover Literary Guild selection set for a movie with Frank Sinatra as the tight-lipped hero. Thorp, a thirty-year-old New Yorker and City College graduate, worked in a detective agency when still in high school. Although he lives now in London with his wife and son, he recently visited New York, where he had some comments in the differences between British and U.S. crime problems. "The English take crimes of violence very seriously. And they take carrying guns even more seriously. No one can buy a gun—even for hunting—without a permit. Bobbies don't carry guns on the theory that criminals won't need guns to defend themselves. The theory works." He added bluntly, "Our President was shot down in the streets, and we still don't have a gun law. We don't because we are afraid—so afraid we don't even know what we're afraid of. Too many psychos scare the hell out of our yellow-bellied legislators." On the other hand, Thorp's words on Scotland Yard would make New York's finest proud. "Scotland Yard is definitely inferior to the N.Y. Police Department. They have a few men in the streets, none in cars, and it takes at least an hour and a half for them to answer a call." How about that, Commander Gideon and Handsome West?

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

The barrel of new summer fiction is rolling with gossamer entertainments as if publishers know those books which suffer least from sand between the pages. A Charlotte Armstrong trio does well for vacation fare: *The Unsuspected, Dream of Fair Woman, The Chocolate Cobweb* (Berkley, 60¢ each), all properly suspenseful and, as *SR*'s Sgt. Cuff declared, "satisfactorily shivery." Another woman who has written some first-rate mysteries is Helen McCloy, whose newest paperback, *Before I Die* (Dell Great Mystery Library, 60¢), is about both matrimony and murder. Surely everyone who reads thrillers knows that J. J. Marric is among John Creasey's many pseudonyms. Under the Marric moniker Creasey writes about Commander Gideon of Scotland Yard, and one of the best of these, winner of the Mystery Writers of America's Edgar, is *Gideon's Fire* (Signet, 60¢). Prizewinner for the best first mystery of the year, John Ball's *In the Heat of the Night* (Bantam, 50¢), introduces Virgil Tibbs, Negro detective, in what undoubtedly is the beginning of a long series. After the phenomenal popularity of Harry Kemelman's *Friday the Rabbi Slept Late*, it was only to be expected that the exploits of David Small, full-time rabbi and part-time detective, would continue. *Saturday the Rabbi Went Hungry* (Crest, 60¢) carries on the successful formula of murder against the background of ceremonial Judaism. An unusual collection of short detective fiction is *The Big Knockover* (Dell, 60¢), by Dashiell Hammett, who practically invented the form. Lillian Hellman has written a marvelous long preface recalling Hammett's life and career during the thirty years of their friendship.

The novels of Sylvia Ashton-Warner are an acquired taste. The prose is unhurried, delicate, sometimes even precious but, at its best, sheer poetry. *Greenstone* and *Bell Call* (Bantam, 75¢ each) are both set in the Maori background of the author's native New Zealand. *Windom's Way* (Popular Library, 60¢) is noteworthy in the tradition of romantic fiction; here James Ramsey Ullman's doctor-hero escapes burdensome civilization by dedication to work in a Far Eastern paradise.

Vietnam

The trouble with Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., is that he keeps reminding us of our own fallibility. For instance, in *The Bitter Heritage* (Crest, 75¢), a

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highly lucid discussion of U.S. foreign policy in Vietnam from 1941-1966, he underscores what he calls "the illusion of American omnipotence," and goes on to catalogue the unreality of seeking an "American solution" to world dilemmas. It's an unsettling and important evaluation of the U.S. role in Southeast Asia by one who sees events in terms of the historical continuum rather than as day-to-day happenings. Whereas Schlesinger favors de-escalating the war, Howard Zinn in *Vietnam: The Logic of Withdrawal* (Beacon, $1.25) calls for unilateral action, in which our troops are promptly recalled. He defends his own arguments by tackling such often presented opposing theories as the comparison with Munich or the dominoes strategy idea. A different viewpoint is that of Chester A. Bain, USIA official in Vietnam and author of *Vietnam: The Roots of Conflict* (Spectrum, $1.95). Bain refutes the Viet Cong as a people's popular uprising, seeing it instead as a part of international Communism adapted to that country's particular needs and attitudes.

One of the most engrossing if disheartening books about Vietnam is *The Other Side* (Signet, 95¢), in which Staughton Lynd and Thomas Hayden report on their much publicized 1965 trip to North Vietnam. A chilling interview with a captured U.S. airman, the fervor of a teen-aged girl who tells how she plans to shoot down American planes, the widespread belief that the United States commits wartime atrocities all serve to illustrate the vast gulf preventing international harmony.

Also noted: A new, enlarged edition of *Peace in Vietnam* (Hill & Wang, $1.25), the American Friends Service Committee report on "another year of escalation," in which the conflict "has become very largely an American war." This updated report concludes that "the course of the war is leading toward American occupation of a devastated South Vietnam for an indefinite number of years where guerrilla activity and terrorism will continue unless repressed by totalitarian methods." The most cheerful note is struck by a minor book written in a major key, *Lucky-Lucky* (Crest, 60¢), a gentle story by nurse Marva Hasselblad, with Dorothy Brandon, about the people she came to know in a rural South Vietnam hospital.

Summertime

S. A. Robbins goes a long way toward proving that old saw about the best things in life. Her new handbook, *See America Free* (Bantam, $1), lures the spirited traveler through fifty states and hundreds of activities that adults and youngsters might enjoy viewing. Iron digging at the Mesabi Range, horse-breeding farms in Kentucky, general stores in New Hampshire, and wine-tasting sprees in California are only a few of the sights awaiting the pennywise and curious. For the more adventurous vacationer, *The Sierra Club Wilderness Handbook* (Ballantine, 75¢) really puts it on the line: complete information about ways to follow the rugged road, on a burro or with knapsack. Just around the corner from the picnic parks lies a primeval forest waiting to be trafficked by the hale and hearty.

Peter L. Dixon's *Men and Waves* (Ballantine, 75¢) calls upon such experts as James Michener and the late Eugene Burdick to explain the mystique of surfing. An energetic anthology by and for enthusiasts. There's no more salty book than Robert Manry's *Tinkerbelle* (Dell, 75¢). It's all about the kind of courage needed to sail a sixteen-foot sloop across the Atlantic alone, by one who achieved the trick.

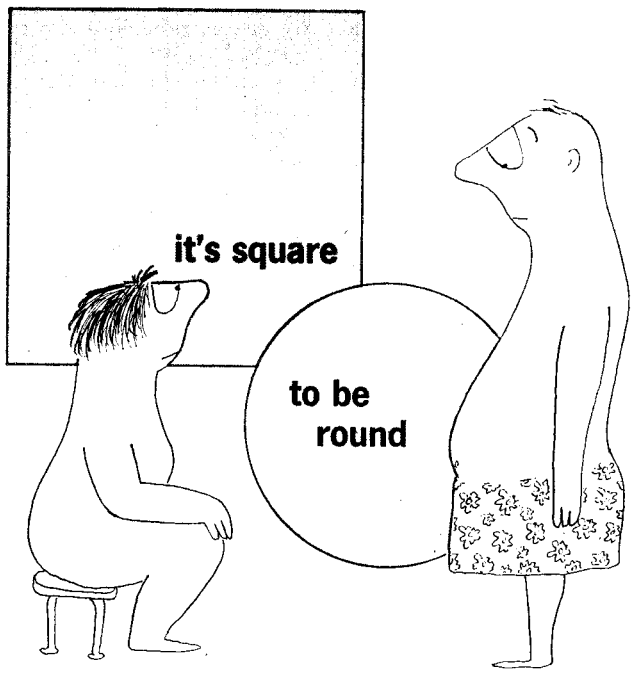
Mark and Roberta Ames's *Barbecues* (Paperback Library, 50¢) offers those who don't plan to stir from their backyard fresh ideas for the same old cookouts, including tasty fruit-and-meat kabobs and a recipe for fiery hot frankfurts.

Literary Lives

Some of the world's nastiest literary biographies have been written by the late lamented's kinfolk. A perfect example of the waspish recollection is Robin Maugham's account of his famous uncle in *Somerset and All the Maughams* (Signet, 95¢). Nephew Robin spares no detail of Uncle Willie's egocentricity, his aversion to women, his callousness, as when learning of his divorced wife's death he stopped his card game just long enough to sing, "'Tra la la, no more alimony, tra la la." Still, this was the witty and engaging man of the world who noted in farewell that "Dying is a very dull, dreary affair. And my advice to you is to have nothing whatever to do with it."

An altogether admiring reminiscence is *My Brother, Ernest Hemingway* (Premier, 75¢), in which Leicester Hemingway recalls growing up in an atmosphere both middle class and Midwestern. From boyhood outings on Lake Michigan to the frenzy of wartime Madrid, Leicester seemed always aware of something unique about his older brother, and his acceptance of the difference between them is often most touching.

Robert Frost, the controversial poet is the subject of an informative, one-volume biography. In *Robert Frost: The Aim Was Song* (Apollo, $1.95), Jean Gould reviews the highlights of a long lifetime, emphasizing always the seemingly simple writer's essential sophistication and intellectuality.



"It's In to Be Thin, It's Out to Be Stout" is the leitmotif of *It's Square to Be Round* (Pacific Coast Publishers/Menlo Park, Calif., $1.95). Written by the anonymous Dr. G. and whimsically illustrated with Sandy Heckinger's upbeat line drawings, this new "textbook on fatsology" dispels all fads and crash diets in favor of a 1,000-calorie-per-day regime. Funny, even corny, it's a genuinely cheerful guidebook of tips, advice, and pure solace to weight-watching America.

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Sorry, Wrong Rumba

KINGSTON, R. I.

FOR THE PAST two years, the University of Rhode Island Summer Theatre Festival has been the summer home of the Theatre Company of Boston. The latter has, in a few seasons of operation, established itself as an enterprising group undertaking many original plays and giving American premieres to such outstanding new works from abroad as Ann Jellicoe's *The Knack*, John Arden's *Armstrong's Last Goodnight*, and *Live Like Pigs*, a production the Theatre Company of Boston successfully presented for a whole summer at an off-Broadway playhouse.

Now at the Festival, this company is offering the first American showing of *Tango*, a much-heralded new play by thirty-seven-year-old Polish playwright, Slawomir Mrozek. It is, as it turns out, a most difficult task, for *Tango*, in Ralph Manheim's translation, emerges as a disorderly play about disorder. It is also a most timely work, however, dealing with a truly contemporary situation.

The situation is simply that a frustrated representative of today's youth, Arthur, finds himself unable to act in a household where his parents practice a kind of laissez-faire liberalism in which they embrace present fads but at the same time refuse to throw out the relics of the past. Furthermore, the pretty girl he would like to marry is not at all interested in such formality or responsibility. Instead, she, too, has accepted the modern attitude of seeking only sexually gratifying experience for its own sake.

Arthur decides that his only salvation is a return to the values of the past. Fiercely he sets about it, enlisting the help of his aged uncle. He stops the adultery between a servant, who is treated as one of the family, and his mother; demands that his father at least

button up his mod pajamas; insists that his grandmother change from a swinger into a gray-haired little old lady; and puts the servant back in livery. As for his treatment of the girl, he fights down his carnal instincts and persuades her to agree to an old-fashioned wedding in virginal white.

All this seems to be poking fun at the sort of modern behavior many Americans have to some degree adopted, and also we see as ridiculous the notion that a nominal return to the traditions of the past could be a permanent, satisfactory solution to the present tendency to nihilism and chaos. Unfortunately, we get the idea much too quickly, and the comic manifestations that follow are only as effective as the inventiveness of the actors and director David Wheeler can make them.

One of the best moments comes in a scene in which, after unsuccessfully tempting Arthur with her near-nudity, Lisa Richards—as the sensuous girl—throws an old blanket over her head, on top of which she perches a derby hat, and proceeds to seduce Arthur. It is amusing proof that the idea of sex can be more appealing than an anatomical banquet. Similarly, Paul Benedict uses basic comic technique to make hilarious the cuckolded father's refusal to take the called-for action.

But the play's long third act changes in tone, with the author failing to show us the process whereby Arthur comes to a realization that his plan won't work. Instead, he merely appears disillusioned and drunk, and his conversion to a world governed by power exercised for its own sake is unconvincing. Perhaps in postwar Poland this appears as a reflection of native political conditions, and therefore requires no justification. Here, however, the play has until this point seemed less related to politics than to social conventions, and while we do not ask the playwright to solve Arthur's dilemma, we do want to comprehend and believe the absurd consequences of his logical and passionate endeavors.

Nevertheless, *Tango* is a play worth wrestling with, and one would hope that Mr. Mrozek might be encouraged to revise it before its scheduled New York presentation this winter.

* * *

STRATFORD, CONN.

THE production by the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre of *The Merchant of Venice* is the most gently merry version of what in our day has become a darker work than Shakespeare ever intended. Under Michael Kahn's direction, Morris Carnovsky has dropped much of the bitterness out of his greatest of all modern Shylocks to bring the role more in balance with the comic dimensions of the other characters. And Ed Wittstein has designed silver and gold Venetian elements to keep the proceedings fanciful.

The best scene is the one in which Bassanio chooses the right casket, thanks to the prompting of singers who chant "knell, knell" as an admonishing "no, no" when he is about to pick the wrong box. Barbara Baxley is amusingly wicked and furtive as Portia and entertainingly mocks the too familiar melodrama of the trial scene by waiting longer than one would in real life to stop the knife-poised villain with "Tarry, a little." One suspects that this style could have been used to advantage throughout, but Shakespeare aficionados might have objected. As it stands, the compromise is at least a sunny and leisurely pleasant performance of this comedy.

—HENRY HEWES.

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The Assisi That Nobody Knows

ALL DURING the three-hour journey from Florence we have been standing in the packed corridors. The Express has sped south cutting between the hills dark with cypresses and umbrella pines, past the blue gashes of Lake Trasimeno. Now we are in the Umbrian Plain and the background is the same as in many quatrocento landscapes. The names of the villages and hilltop towns swing between chains, and there is hardly time to read them as the train rushes past the platforms. Then quite suddenly the brakes are on: we are coming into the station that the travel agents at home have said will be called Santa Maria degli Angeli. But they are wrong. It has been newly named Assisi, and is the nearest point in the valley to the hilltop city above.

A tattered copy of an old John Murray guide that I have speaks beguilingly of mules waiting at Santa Maria to take visitors and their bags up the steep and rough tracks to the city. Today in the station yard, drawn into the side of the broad macadamized road, there are fine touring buses to meet every train. A memory of the old days stirs when our driver kicks his vehicle into action as his father might have kicked an obstinate mule.

As the bus makes its way up the twisting road, the driver talks with a girl from Florence who has been with us on the train. Not once does he take his hands off the wheel, but his eyes are seldom off her. At one of the lower entrances to the walled city known as the Porta San Pietro, the bus stops and backs into an open space. In the rock face opposite, a café has been built. Fixed to the wall outside there is a Crystal Palace-shaped cage with three wild missel thrush. Soon we shall come to know this living tavern sign pretty well, where the local wine is sold cheaper than anywhere else in the town. But just now there is no time to cross over and try it, because the bus is already on the last part of the climb.

At the Porto Nuova, the driver sounds his horn twice — a signal, as we later learn, for the beggar to pick up his tin mug and for a host of touts to put on their caps bearing the famous names of the city: ALBERGHO GIOTTO, PENSIONE SAN FRANCESCO, ALBERGHO SANTA CHIARA.

Santa Chiara, of course, we know as St. Clare — the female counterpart to St. Francis. In the ancient convent of San Damiano where she founded her order, there remain small signs and relics of her love of animals. In the old refectory door can be seen the hole which she had cut so that her cat could come to meals. San Damiano in Assisi is now the home of friars, and the Swiss brother who takes people around will always make a point of showing English visitors this door.

Once the visitor was Clare Sheridan, the Irish sculptress and cousin of Winston Churchill. She told him how when she was sculpting the Prime Minister during the war, he would say of a Persian cat of whom he was particularly fond: "A most delectable creature, with a brain — not a brain to be measured by ours, but a first-class brain of its own."

A few minutes away from St. Clare's original convent is her basilica. In the crypt there, she lies in a coffin of polished glass, her body still uncorrupted, her skin the color of dates. Outside is the bus terminus, and the lime trees here have flowers the size of buttercups and seem heavier scented than anywhere else in Umbria. How well I recall my first arrival.

As the driver hands me my suitcase, a cripple thrusts forward a chipped enameled mug. "*Un peu de charité, Monsieur,*" he says. He has mistaken my beret for my nationality. He remains unabashed. "*Americano, Americano,*" he tries next. "*Dollar, dollar.*"

We pretend to be deaf. We have taken the precaution earlier of looking up the exact position of the Pensione Umbra, and we cut straight up the main street toward the Piazza Communale. This was formerly known as the Piazza Minerva because of the Temple of Minerva that stood there. All that remains are the façade of six yellowing Corinthian pillars, their capitals still supporting the pediment above. Behind these a church has been built, and in front, at this corner of the piazza, there are always rows of Vespas and Lambrettas parked as once there must have been rows of chariots. To walk through the pillars to the church is to have the feeling of walking through the classical past into the Christian present.

The Pensione Umbra, which is discovered beyond an archway in the piazza, is set in an arbor of vines and flowering plants. The cooking is renowned, and the zucchini are often served with tomatoes and great orange marrow flowers dipped first in an egg yolk and cheese, and then fried in oil to a delicate brown. This is one of the specialities of the house. (Full *pensione* is under 5,000 lire a day.) Moreover, at this *pensione*, feasts in the religious sense are, as in all Latin countries, an excuse for feasting at meals. There are always many extra visitors, and the waiters thread their way skillfully between the tables set out in white damask and the lead tubs of scarlet lilies. The Signora is something of a gardener; with no available beds to plant out, she has fixed pots to every conceivable wall, so that geraniums drip down into pots of trailing lobelia.

ONCE I was at the Umbra for the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, which falls on June 29. In the middle of lunch there was a lull in the general conversation, and I heard a guest say as he turned to his companion: "I give you a toast—St. Peter, St. Paul, and Garibaldi." This was Father Otway speaking, a retired English priest who we later were to learn had made Assisi his home. His parents had been married in 1848 and he was the youngest son. Making a guess, I should say that he was a sprightly seventy-five.

His father had been an Ambassador

Church of San Francesco—"life revolves round the birds and bells."

—Henle (Monkmeyer).

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and he told us that when electricity was first introduced into their London home the servants, who had been in the habit of lighting the oil lamps all over the house each evening at a set time, continued with this practice, even after the switchover had been effected. Then one day his sister had said at dinner: "Why do we leave the lights on in empty rooms, Papa? Surely this is not a necessity?" Father Otway also told us that Duse was the last actress of any worth, and warned us against Venice. "Don't go," he pleaded. "Motor boats have ruined the Grand Canal."

But he also took us one morning on a tour of Assisi, the Assisi that the guides ignore and that few visitors hear of. It began in the market, but in the market quarter where there are no souvenir stalls laid out with sugar-and-water statues to trap the coach party from Rome or the day tripper from Verona or Perugia. No, the tour began with the stalls where the wrinkles in the tomatoes show that they have matured in the sun, not a hothouse, and where every lira dropped on the price of a flowering cactus is a battle enjoyed on both sides. Within seconds, Father Otway was battling, too. Then, as suddenly as the bargaining began, it ended. With a quick bow he handed my wife a few sprigs of lavender—and then led the way. Within seconds we were racing to keep up with him.

One moment we would be shooting up narrow flights of stone steps after this mountain gazelle, and the next we would be pausing to watch the women of Assisi wash their laundry in a public bath that had been there since the time of the Caesars. Or, one minute we would be lost in the ruins of the castle begun by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and the next we would be cutting through the back streets where spaghetti is put on the pavement for the pigeons. (They have learned to twirl it round their beaks.) Or, one moment we would be in a carpenter's shop talking to a frame repairer as he worked, and the next we would be climbing a flimsy scaffolding to see one of Giotto's golden haloes being restored to its first glory in the church of San Francesco.

When we stopped for a drink, Father Otway was full of local stories. He told us how Goethe had come to Assisi, taken one long, lingering look at the Temple of Minerva, and then left hastily. He told us of the English lady who lives near the basilica of Santa Chiara, and who carries flasks of hot soup beneath her cloak to the aged and poor at night. He told us that we must not fail to go to the Carceri friary. "But walk," he insisted. "You are still young enough to walk there."

The next morning we decide to take Father Otway's advice. The Carceri friary lies a good three miles from the town's outskirts, and as we reach the Porta Cappucini there is the customary beggar. Instinctively we know that we are on the right road, since in Italy beggars always mark the routes of pilgrimage.

AT first the road rises imperceptibly and we keep our eyes fixed on the dense green of Monte Subasio that looms ahead. Three athletic friars catch up with us and stride past, apologizing in soft Irish voices for their haste. Then it seems quite suddenly that we are involved in the real ascent. Looking down at the dusty, white road, our eyes wander and search shallowly into the profusion of grasses and wild flowers growing at the edge—bugloss, more brilliant than I have ever seen; blood-red poppies; and everywhere, dominating the whole mass of color, large pools of yellow broom.

An hour later, drenched in sweat, we come to the stone cross that marks the entrance to the Carceri Wood. Once we are in the wood, it is as if we had been quenched by a draft of spring water—perhaps the mountain's own gift to its pilgrims.

In the triangular courtyard of the Carceri friary stands the well of St. Bernardino, one of the first companions of St. Francis. To the right, a door leads to a chapel, and from here there is a flight of steps leading downward. At the bottom, there is the granite slab on which the saint slept when this room was still a grotto rather than a cell. For it was not until the fifteenth century that these prayer grottoes of the first companions of St. Francis were enclosed, as it were, and incorporated in the man-built friary. In fact one meaning of the word *carceri* is cells or grottoes.

The atmosphere of St. Francis's grotto, which is now a cell, has the feeling of a place just left. Outside it, a paving flag is perforated with deep holes through which you can see the ravine below; it is said that the Devil on several occasions tempted the saint to throw himself over. Today the ravine is spanned by a bridge, and growing out of one bank are the silvery arms of the nut tree under whose branches the saint once preached to the birds. Iron supports help to keep the tree from slipping.

Birds and bells—everywhere around Assisi life revolves round the birds and bells. In the Carceri friary some have made their nests in the cells, and must not be disturbed. At the church by the railway station, doves fly in and out of the cloisters and rest on the arms of a statue of their favorite saint. Swifts swoop over the garden of San Damiano, and there are the missel thrush attached to the tavern which I mentioned at the beginning. But when we returned from the Carceri, we found the pigeons splashing in the fountain of our *pensione*. Two cats lay half asleep; through their slit eyes they watched them with indifference.

When I say that Assisi is a city of birds and bells, I put the birds before the bells because it is the birds that wake the city. Long before the bells of the churches ring out the morning angelus comes the sound of wings whirring and the noise of many beaks pecking at the shutters and windowsills—like a fall of hail. When the bells begin—some loud in argument, some silvery—it is as if a whole history were being rung out of papal wars, ecclesiastical reforms, and long praise by the world for a twelfth-century saint and his beautiful lady in religion, the Abbess and Foundress of the Poor Clare Order. How right it seems when you come to know Assisi, that their city should stretch between her basilica at one end, and the three-tiered church of San Francesco at the other.

IF you go in the spring or summer, try to include a Sunday. In the Piazza Communale there is a local brass band recruited from the ranks of waiters and shopkeepers, and the night that we listened we noticed that the bus driver who had first brought us from the station was playing a trumpet. A bevy of girls kept smiling at him. On the steps of the Temple of Minerva, Father Otway sat alone. The card announcing the final item of the evening was put up—Verdi's "March of Destiny." It is a noisy piece, with drums and cymbals crashing, until in the last phrases a calmer mood prevails. All the time up to now, an old peasant had been talking against the music; he had met Garibaldi once, he had not known such a bad olive crop for seventy years—though, thank God, he was not a landowner. Now he fell silent, then began to hum, and finally burst out singing. "I am a soprano," he sobbed at the end. "As a boy I was soprano."

When the concert was over, we went back to our *pensione*. It was near midnight, and the staff was still up. On the staircase we heard the first stroke of 12 boom from the Cathedral clock. As I leaned out to pull the shutters to, I could see the hunched silhouettes of birds asleep beneath the eaves.

—NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 11: arches, chaser, search.

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The Art of Bamboozlement

IN HIS NEW BOOK, *The New Industrial State,* John Kenneth Galbraith has a number of references in the index to television, radio, and advertising. *The Affluent Society,* by the Harvard professor of economics, published in 1958, contained not a single index reference to any of these subjects, although both works scrutinize the impact of the corporate economy on the quality of modern life. It may be counted as a sign of progress that an outstanding economist, who writes against the grain of the conventional wisdom in his discipline, should be reaching out to a recognition of the advertising-broadcasting dimensions of changing economic theory.

Mr. Galbraith, in fact, chides "solemn social scientists" who tend to think of "any institution which features rhymed and singing commercials, intense and lachrymose voices urging highly improbable enjoyments . . . and which hints implausibly at opportunities for antiseptic seduction, as inherently trivial." "The industrial system," asserts the author, "is profoundly dependent on commercial television and could not exist in its present form without it. Economists who eschew discussion of its economic significance, or dismiss it as a wicked waste, are protecting their reputation and that of their subject for Calvinist austerity. But they are not adding to their reputation for relevance."

Galbraith is very relevant in the serious attention he has paid to the world of show biz and hard sell, although he still has nothing to say about the actual programs which, presumably, are the modern equivalent of the old free lunches in the saloons which drew the customers to the counters where they bought the beer. His next book, hopefully, will remedy that defect, for, just as the economist alone cannot construct the comprehensive theory of the consumption society—without the help of law, psychology, sociology, etc.—so the subtle and complex description of the author's "technostructure" must include the relationship between commercials and entertainment, as well as the connections between corporate growth, planning, production of goods, and managed consumer demand. Galbraith's main thesis, with respect to commercials on television, is that the consumer is not "sovereign," as the textbook economists hold. He does not tell product-makers what he wants; he does not "vote" by his purchases in a "free" market.

The truth is, says the Harvard economist, that the product-makers cannot risk random choice in the buying of products. They manage demand through mass persuasion: The consumer has the illusion of freedom; actually he is in the "benign servitude of a household retainer who is taught to love her mistress." Granted this explanation is adequate to explain buying for psychic gratification, but the question arises: Is the demand for programs similarly "managed"? Evidence to support Galbraith's theories about the commercials may be found abundantly in the broadcasting trade journals every day. A radio-TV vice-president for a Hollywood advertising agency recently stated: "I am convinced the right kind of radio commercials can make a teen-ager do your bidding in most any direction."

A "TV commercial experimental laboratory" opened recently in New York. It announced that it would bring "new, unique effects in film to television by use of abstract forms, color, and music . . . which calls the viewer's emotions into play, eliminates the 'debate' on his part, and allows the essential meaning of the message to come through with deeper penetration." Mr. Galbraith, in his new book, however, might be guilty of some self-deception of his own. This is suggested by the unsatisfactory explanation he gives for the effectiveness of television commercials in motivating people to buy the products that they advertise. He accuses the producers of commercials of "well-considered mendacity." They do not, he says, believe their own lies, but take some professional pride in "workmanlike bamboozlement."

Consumers, also, don't really believe the commercials. They make a "nearly total discount for all forms of advertising." Yet, he maintains, they respond "automatically," where the purchase does not merit a great deal of thought, despite the fact that they dismiss the claims of the commercial messages on television.

The psychology of this explanation is ambiguous. People act on lies, knowing that they are lies, because of some cumulative, fantasy image. It needs refining. Galbraith himself has a possible answer, in another part of his book, where he writes: "It is possible that people need to believe that they are unmanaged if they are to be managed effectively."

To believe that some intangible, imprecise mechanism makes us do the buying is a serviceable myth that protects the ego. Galbraith may be committing a common elitist error in assuming that, because he is on to the bamboozlers, every one else is. He may actually be perpetuating the dangerous illusion by telling people that they don't believe the commercials—the people who produce them as well as those who act on them at the market. Better to face the possibility that the new industrial state, for its inevitable but limited social purposes, has brought most of us to the condition where we take as truth the daily small lies in the vast mass media apparatus for the management of demand. In that recognition may lie the first step toward freedom.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

"It's a she, Ralph—and she demands an entry-blank for the 'Miss Universe' contest!"

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Aspice, Respice, Prospice

ONE OF THE CAMERA'S more extraordinary faculties is its ability to peer forward into the future, to gaze backwards at a long-dead past, or merely to look around at whatever the present has to offer. Sometimes, curiously enough, its vision of our contemporary world is actually less precise and persuasive than that conjured up by acts of creative imagination— such as Peter Watkins's frightening concept of "Britain in the near future" in *Privilege*, and Pier Paolo Pasolini's loving recreation of the thirteenth century in *The Hawks and the Sparrows*. Obviously, what counts is not the fact of reality on the screen, but the director's ability to make his conception seem real.

The youthful Watkins, whose nightmarish *War Game* was seen here earlier this year, has made something of a specialty out of giving a documentary look to fiction. *War Game*'s imagined nuclear attack on Britain might almost have been compiled from newsreels — newsreels miraculously shot at the outset of World War III. For *Culloden*, another Watkins effort for BBC, he recreated an eighteenth-century battle in Scotland by marching some 400 men over the original route to the site (purposely losing both transportation and provisions on the way), and thus caught on film all the rage and frustration and fatigue of Culloden's first invaders.

In *Privilege*, the technique is at work again, but this time on a far grander scale, complete with color and wide screen. Like George Orwell, whom Watkins strongly resembles both in tone and perspective, he constructs a dreadful future out of elements all too recognizably present on the contemporary British scene. His hero is a popular singer, Steve Shorter—a Beatle, or a Bob Dylan, whose every appearance elicits frenzied adulation from his myriad fans. Behind him lie the manipulators—agents, ad agency men, recordings executives, money people. And behind *them*, in Watkins's brave new world, lies the hierarchy of power, the equally manipulative bankers, politicians, and clergymen, who see in Shorter's popularity a ready lever to swing the younger generation to their own program. Watkins leaves no doubt, as he stages a youth rally in patent imitation of Leni Riefenstahl's *Triumph of the Will*, that their program is thoroughly Fascist.

No small part of the fascination of *Privilege* is Watkins's bitter view of the Establishment, and his unprecedented insistence (in popular films, at least) on calling a spade a spade. Indeed, so unsparing is his attack on the clergy that the distributors have seen fit to introduce the picture with a discreet note that no disrespect is intended for any specific denomination. Quite right; Watkins obviously disrespects them *all*. Unfortunately, however, for all his big successes in this film—which are many—Watkins fails in too many small ways. Although his star, Paul Jones, actually is a successful pop singer in England, nothing about him on film suggests that he might generate the fanaticism that attends the the Beatles (or even our own Monkees). The attempt to identify him as a symbol of youthful rebellion never succeeds because the boy himself comes across as thoroughly well mannered and—horrid thought—even conformist. Jean Shrimpton, as the artist who hopes Steve will break away from exploiters, is lovely to look at, but impossible to hear; her words of encouragement and inspiration are literally inaudible to anyone but (presumably) him. Most serious of all, his own ultimate revolt is in tones similarly muted—audible, but not adding up to the dramatic denouement that the film's earlier high colorations would seem to demand. *Privilege*, however, is far more than an interesting failure; it is a black comedy that moves boldly, searchingly—and often amusingly and searingly—in areas previously untouched by feature film-makers.

ALTHOUGH his reconstruction of the past accounts for only perhaps a third of Pasolini's *The Hawks and the Sparrows (Uccellacci e Uccellini)*, it is certainly the most triumphant part of his film, and a remarkable confirmation of the talent so effectively introduced here in *The Passion According to St. Matthew*. This time, the saint involved is Francis; and Toto, the sad-eyed, Keatonesque clown of so many Italian movies, is beautiful as his protem acolyte, mastering the language of the birds to teach them the message of love. Alas, after a year spent in learning to talk to the hawks, and then another on the sparrows, at the end of that time the hawks still close in for the kill.

The film itself, *in extenso*, is really a parable. The hawks eat the sparrows. Toto, in modern times, threatens to evict an impoverished family from its bit of land, only to be threatened soon after by a banker who wants to collect his due. A philosophic crow keeps Toto and his life-loving nephew company as they proceed down life's highway; but in the end, the two make a meal off their provocative companion. In this world, the film seems to say, life lives on life; and ideological differences are a lot less important than the mere fact of existence. But the will to survive, in Pasolini's terms, is not something mean, debasing, or even doctrinaire: It is the most wonderful

and natural thing in the world. It is the simple acceptance of the glory of being alive, and the will to enjoy to the full every incredible moment of it. Pasolini extends this in his film and, patchy though some of its episodes may be, it is the most joyous picture currently on view.

In a strange way, some of Pasolini's mystical love of nature is shared, on a far more pragmatic level, by a gifted and highly commercial American film maker, Ivan Tors. Tors is responsible for *Flipper*, *Daktari*, and, recently, *Namu, The Killer Whale*. He believes that touch is the way to animal communication—the massage is the medium—and that game preservation is at least as important as the preservation of the human species. His ideas are spelled out at length in *Africa—Texas Style* with Hugh O'Brian as an American cowboy hired to domesticate African herds. The dramatics leave something to be desired, but the sequences with the animals are incredible. Unlike Disney, Tors does not attempt to make his creatures human. He demonstrates that man, once he has learned about nature, can live with it on realistic, human terms.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

The Granary

By Edward Kessler

MICE nibble
only the edges, the outer
boards of the bins.
In the morning it's
still full: corn and wheat
and barley. Enough to last
all winter, to feed two households.
With you gone, I thought
I'd live well on what's stored.
But I keep thinking
what good is hunger?
as the cold settles in.

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"O, Brother Sun and Sister Moon"

—*John Van Lund.*

Ted Shawn—" 'a study in dynamic stillness.' "

LEE, MASS.

"ONE NEVER knows how many more times, if any, there are left," said the veteran dance star to one of hundreds of admirers standing by the stage door of the theater which bears his name. The occasion was historic, for the world-famous Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival and its founder-director, Ted Shawn, were celebrating the 25th anniversary of the Ted Shawn Theater, the first theater in America to be designed and built expressly for dance.

To mark the event, the seventy-five-year-old dancer-choreographer-educator not only spoke to one of the largest audiences for a lecture presentation ever to assemble at Jacob's Pillow, but he also danced. The white-haired squire of the old Berkshire farm, which became an international dance headquarters, showed a movie, taken in 1942, of the opening of the theater and of the stars of that initial season (among them, the late, great Argentinita). Then he sat in a chair on stage and talked about the almost insurmountable difficulties (which he surmounted) of operating a theater on a Berkshire hill, nine miles from the nearest village, during the war years and their attendant gas rationing.

He spoke proudly of the artists who danced without fee in order to keep the new theater going, of dance lovers who traveled on horseback or combined hayrides with a visit to the rural shrine to Terpsichore, of the more than 250 world premieres, some major, some minor, some terrible, which he had presented in a quarter of a century at a festival which had started, almost thirty-five years ago, as a studio demonstration in an old barn which served as a rehearsal room for Shawn and his company of men dancers.

Once the reminiscences, wonderfully witty as well as sweetly sentimental, were over, the handsome, elderly gentleman donned the robes of a monk to perform, as he had since 1931 (when he was even then an established headliner with twenty years on stage), his great solo, *A Study of St. Francis.*

Time has placed its limitations upon the movements of Ted Shawn but not upon his spirit. So, then, he can still perform—perhaps better than ever before—a dance which has been described as "a study in dynamic stillness." The head looks heavenward and fingers open as if he is saying, "O, Brother Sun and Sister Moon"; the coolness of spring-water seems to caress his hands; a bird flutters, and then a blinding shaft of divine illumination places the mirror of the Stigmata on his own palms. Ted Shawn had asked that the audience refrain from any applause at the close of his dance. Instead, from the back of the great barn-like theater, a choir of young men, all Jacob's Pillow students, sang *The Doxology*, New England's *Old Hundred* hymn of praise. The boys, the old squire's artistic grandchildren, had made this a special surprise, and thereby gave promise of tomorrows for a theater which had long since established a history of dance accomplishment.

The first weeks of the Pillow's ten-week festival season held fairly closely to the format established by Shawn; that is, representation of dance as ballet, as modern dance, as ethnic dance, plus performing representation by newcomers as well as by established stars. No one expects that the formula will work 100 per cent, but it never fails to provide dance adventure.

Thus, the opening program permitted two gifted young soloists of the American Ballet Theatre, William Glassman (superb as the bridegroom in Jerome Robbins's *Les Noces* and a comic knockout as the hoofing traveling salesman in Agnes de Mille's *The Wind in the Mountains*) and his wife, Ellen Everett, to see what they could do with a great classical *pas de deux*, "The Bluebird," from *The Sleeping Beauty*. Well, they didn't do anything for it at all, but they learned from the experience. "Boy, were we awful!" said young Glassman as his wife nodded agreement. But the two, in the bouncy, youthful Danish *pas de deux* from Auguste Bournonville's *Flower Festival at Genzano*, were enchanting. In the first, they had had only elementary coaching; in the second, the great Danish danseur, Erik Bruhn, had guided them. So they learned, and that's partly what Jacob's Pillow is all about.

On this same first bill, young Mariano Parra appeared with his Ballet Español in performances which made Spanish dance seem about as exciting as a church supper. Yet on the third program, the American Maria Alba and her company

—*Jack Mitchell.*

Maria Alba—"a torrid, tempestuous flamenco-style dancer."

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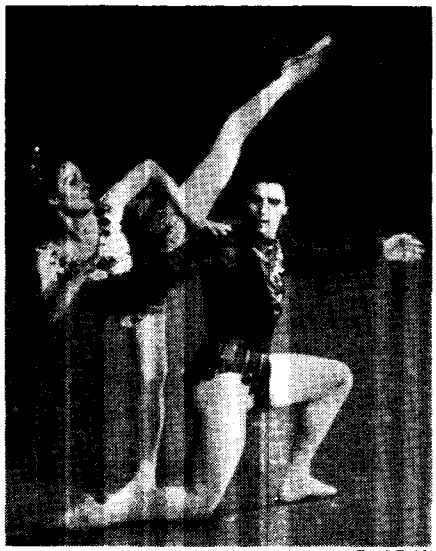
—Martha Swope.

Scenes from *Jewels*—(Above) *Emeralds* (Left to Right) Francisco Moncion, Mimi Paul, Violette Verdy, Conrad Ludlow, and other soloists.

—Martha Swope.

***Diamonds* — Suzanne Farrell and Jacques d'Amboise.**



—Fred Fehl.

***Rubies*—Edward Villella and Patricia McBride.**

took over the stage and had the audience yelling and stamping with such force that the Berkshire Hills, as well as the theater itself, seemed to shake. Miss Alba, a torrid, tempestuous, flamenco-style dancer, tried out five new works on the long program. Almost all were successful, but the best was a solo for the star, *Bordon Flamenco*, in which she projected, along with a prodigious dance technique, that complete femaleness, compounded of sensuality, coquetry, and bitchery, which is her particular trade-mark.

Her supporting dancers and musicians were all highly accomplished, but it is only right to point out that, on the dance program, musical highlights were supplied by the always popular Paco Ortiz, a flamenco singer whose voice is so masterfully controlled that one can actually hear quarter tones in the wailing gypsy cadenzas, and Adonis Puertas, a guitarist of rare talent who summons near-orchestral colors from a single instrument.

The initial programs also provided sparkling performances in the ballet wing by Seija Simonen (a Finnish ballerina), Ron Sequoio, Donna Baldwin and James de Bolt of the Manhattan Festival Ballet, and in American modern dance by Betty Jones, leading soloist of the José Limón company, in a charming lecture-recital type of presentation called *Dances I Dance*, in which she performed (and explained) excerpts from Limón's masterful *A Time to Dance*, with Fritz Ludin as her virile, stalwart, yet nicely poetic assistant.

The chief modern dance contributions in these first weeks were provided by Norman Walker (choreographer in residence this summer at Jacob's Pillow). He and his partner, Cora Cahan, danced brilliantly with his young but excellently disciplined company in several pieces, with interest centering upon a new creation, *Drifts and Dreams*. This represented a departure for a dancer-choreographer associated with lyricism in modern dance. For here was an avant-garde work, set to a partly electronic score, in which he probed new areas of abstraction. Indeed, Walker had taken one of Yeats's plays for dancers, *The Only Jealousy of Emer*, and had extracted the story and distilled the characters so that what he had left were the bald relationships, the positions and juxtapositions of beings. It turned out to be a highly effective piece of dance theater. And although some of his ardent followers complained about the missing elements of lyricism and heroism, he himself said, "I can't do the same dance again and again under different names; I have to go on to wherever instinct and inspiration and curiosity take me." And that, too, is what Jacob's Pillow is all about.

* * *

SARATOGA, N.Y.

ONE OF THE MOST beautiful theaters in the world is that at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center. It is situated, rather like a Greek amphitheater, in a hollow, but, although its sides and back are open to nature, it is sheltered by a roof. The stage is big, the seating capacity is big, and big, arched pathways span space from the green hillsides to the balconies of the theater itself.

This was the perfect setting for *Jewels*, George Balanchine's newest ballet, which moved from triumphs at Lincoln Center's New York State Theater to fresh "bravos" at Saratoga. This is a three-act abstract ballet which literally glitters as its setting by Peter Harvey, costumes by Karinska, and dancing by the New York City Ballet illumine the characteristics and special hues of emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. The company, in residence at Saratoga throughout this month, played in repertory, and *Jewels* was the ideal piece to launch a gala season in a town famous, during more than a century, for elegance of living and, of course, for its own jeweled ladies of high society. (*Jewels* will be on display in Washington, D.C., next month, and, of course, it will be on view when the New York City Ballet returns to its home theater, the New York State Theater at Lincoln Center, in November.)

Concurrent with performances by the New York City Ballet has been an educational program in ballet inaugurated by the Saratoga Performing Arts Center and co-sponsored by the School of American Ballet (the official school of the New York City Ballet) and the New York State Council of the Arts. This program is represented by a new, nonprofit school of ballet in which thirty-eight students, chosen from regional competitions throughout the state, have been studying under a faculty provided by the School of American Ballet.

—WALTER TERRY.

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—*Photos by Hans Wild.*

Britten conducting at Snape—"a strong impulse toward performance."

BRITTEN AT ALDEBURGH

SR/ RECORDINGS

BRITTEN AT ALDEBURGH
By Irving Kolodin **41**

MONTEVERDI FOR MODERNS
By Robert Jacobson **44**

ORNETTE COLEMAN: FATHER AND SON
By Martin Williams **45**

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By the Recordings Editor **46**

RECORDINGS REPORTS I
Orchestral LPs **48**

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz **49**

RECORDINGS REPORTS II
Miscellaneous LPs **50**

AUTOMATIC TRANSPORTS
By Ivan Berger **51**

RECORDINGS REPORTS
Stage and Screen **52**

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR **53**

By IRVING KOLODIN

THE DRIVE from London, if not swift (the roads to the northeast don't encourage such a result), had at least been well within the time prescribed. This was due equally to planning and execution, perhaps because both had been the responsibility of the same person. He was London Decca's John Culshaw, headed for Aldeburgh to set up equipment for the recording of *The Burning Fiery Furnace* and glad to accommodate an itinerant music critic and his wife.

Culshaw's respect for time, bred in a world of takes and splices, operates no less on the road than in the air (his hobby, other than driving, is flying). It provided for a refueling stop en route (lunch at a pub south of Ipswich) as well as a landfall at the Wentworth Inn overlooking the sea and a visit to the new Snape Maltings Concert Hall en route to a meeting with Benjamin Britten.

"That's it," said Culshaw, as he turned off the Snape-Aldeburgh road into a country lane, "that's the Red House." Red it certainly was, and definitely a house. Rather than being the picturesque clapboard structure with weather-beaten shutters conjured up by the mental association of Britten, Grimes, Aldeburgh, and the sea, it was a substantial brick structure surrounded by well-cultivated land broken up into lawns and gardens. Part of the lawn accommodated a croquet ground, and the roses were certainly well tended. Overhead the whine of a jet made the silence all the more pronounced when it faded away.

There was silence within, also. A ring at the front door brought no response, and we went around to the side. Just at the moment when some question of timing and arrival might have arisen, a low-slung sports car pulled into the lane. First out was the readily recognizable figure of the composer himself, closely followed by his long-time friend and musical collaborator, Peter Pears, and the Phippses—Sue Phipps, niece of

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Pears and secretary to the composer, and her husband, an associate in a London concert management firm.

Were we early or were they late in returning from a shopping trip to the village? The difference was too slight to be arguable and it was time for tea anyway. Late afternoon in late May in Suffolk can be chilly, which made the tea and the fireplace beside which it was served equally welcome. Amid the rattling of spoons and the passing of cups, there was also opportunity for a look at Britten, last seen on a postwar visit to America for a concert tour with Pears in the late Forties. Slightly heavier, perhaps, and a little grayer; but on the whole as lean in his country clothes of corduroy and casually elegant color contrasts as he had then been in tails at Town Hall or lounge suit in the living room of a Park Avenue apartment.

From the hubbub of conversation I heard myself saying to Pears, who was standing nearby, "I hope you won't hate me for this, but I have recently heard your *Winterreise* and I am saying in print that it's among the best ever recorded." The pronouncement was received without complaint but also without overt satisfaction (I later learned that Pears would like to record it again, that he didn't think he was in voice at the time it was made). To a query about the relative problems of the great Schubert song cycles, Pears agreed that the *Die Schöne Müllerin* (which he has also recorded with Britten) "flows on its way" to an easier interpretative resolution than *Die Winterreise*, with its bleak, concluding "Leiermann."

As Pears moved away on some tea-serving mission, Britten settled into the next chair with a query about what I had been doing, musically, in England. I mentioned *La Bohème* at Glyndebourne, which drew the observation that he couldn't understand present artistic policies down there. "However, I suppose I should be grateful that they are what they have been," he continued, "for there might not have been an Aldeburgh Festival otherwise. After the end of the war and the changes at Sadler's Wells, where we had been working with Piper, Joan Cross, Pears, and others, Rudi Bing invited us to do a season at Glyndebourne. They had a plant and nothing to put on, and we had a company and no place to play." But it soon developed that John Christie's ideas of opera and Britten's were not quite compatible. *The Rape of Lucretia*, I gathered, did not suit Christie's criteria for an opera because it had no overture. It was out of the quest to find a home for the English Opera Group that the Aldeburgh Festival was founded in 1947.

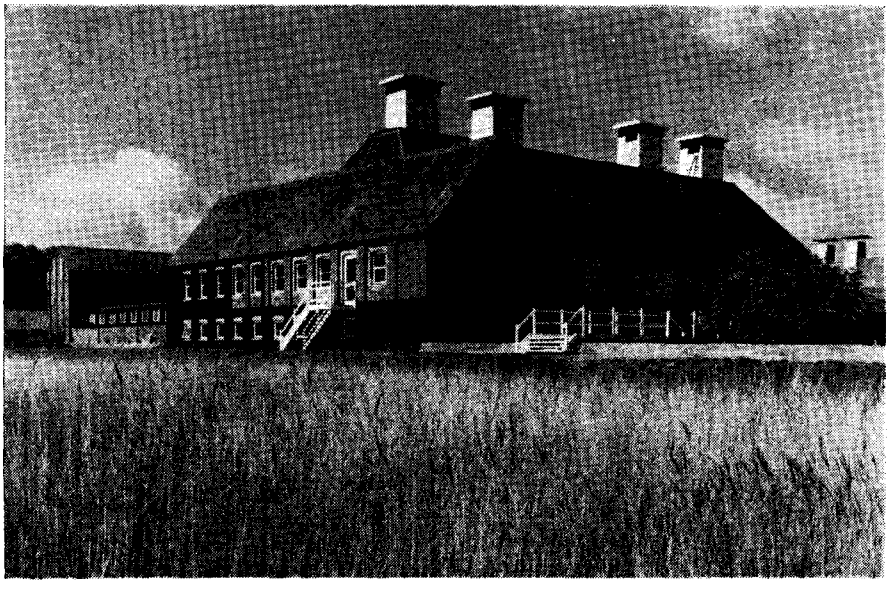
THE composer's desire to live and work in the Suffolk area he knew so well (he was born in Lowestoft, a few miles upcoast) plus the associations with *The Borough* of George Crabbe, in which Britten found the seed for *Peter Grimes*, may seem a suitably emotional motivation for Aldeburgh's choice. But there were more practical reasons as well: such buildings as Jubilee Hall in Aldeburgh and an old Norman church in nearby Orford in which performances could be mounted.

Out of the activity thus initiated and the creative results it engendered arose the conversion, in time for this summer's 20th anniversary festival, of an old, unused Maltings House into the new, very much used Snape Concert Hall. One of a series of sturdy structures grouped beside the River Alde, the Maltings House is a kind of oblong-shaped granary in which barley was shoveled in and heated over subsurface burners to cause fermentation. Preserving the exterior, with its severe lines, dormer windows, and slate roof provided a happy solution, I suggested, to the problem of design in the open country. Britten's agreement was practical as well as esthetic. "By utilizing the old exterior," he said, referring to the walls and foundation, "we were able to do for £150,000 what might otherwise have cost two or three times as much."

Behind Britten's typically understated appraisal of the circumstances was a good deal of determined effort and no little self-sacrifice to realize his cherished hope of a place in which he could perform his own works to his own specifications. London Decca not only lent counsel and advice of an acoustical sort to the firm of Arup Associates which planned the transformation; it also made an investment assessed by Sir Edward Lewis, chairman of its board, at £17,500. There were even larger contributions from the Arts Council and the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation (reported to be £25,000 each).

There is nothing in the least luxurious about the black-walled building with its white, nautical-looking stacks (actually vents for air circulation), but there is everything about it which is tastefully simple and thoughtfully functional. When stripped of its old interior floors and furnaces, the long narrow "room" provided for an ample stage platform and sloping tiers of seats accommodating approximately 800. An ingenious system of jacks, screws, and hinges enables the stage floor to be raked, and its front section can be removed to provide a pit for a modest-sized orchestra. Remarkably, too, though the old roof had to be removed to facilitate the interior work, the replacement that preserved its prior appearance also functioned admirably for sound reflecting. The well traveled who notice something familiar about the cane seats will not be surprised to learn that they were built, locally, after specifications from Bayreuth and a sample supplied by Wolfgang Wagner. The choice was prompted by no desire to suggest a likeness at Snape to the Festspielhaus, but simply because investigation had determined that of all the chairs known to the theatrical trade, these required the least upkeep.

Creature comforts, however, have not been wholly ignored at Snape. The success of the ventilating system is not yet documented, but every effort has been made to offset the transmission of sun heat from the outside to the inside. And if the restaurant facilities are spare as well as spacious, who needs interior decoration when the view from the refreshment area takes in a wide sweep of



Snape Concert Hall—"the black-walled building with its white nautical-looking stacks."

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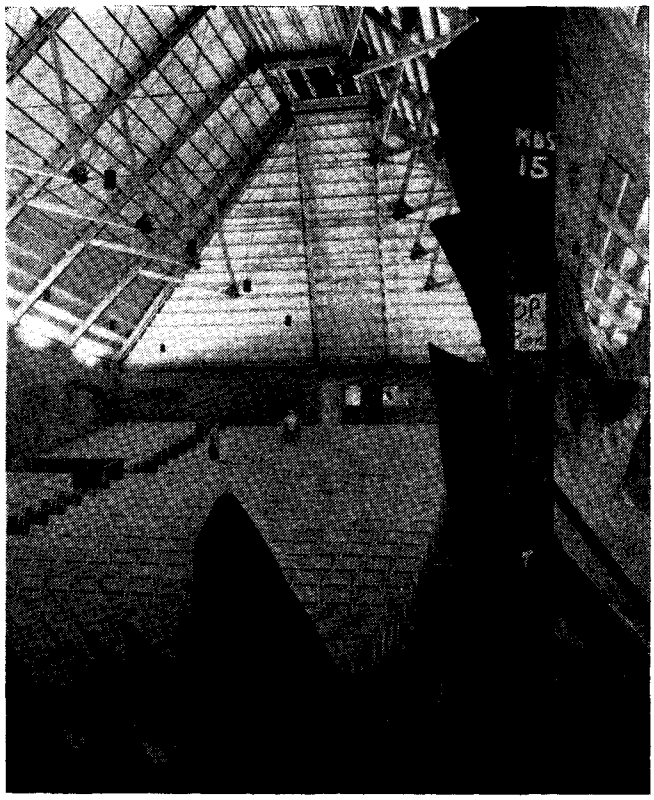

Queen Elizabeth II at the dedicatory ceremonies (left)—"Nobody could remember when the Royal family had previously visited Suffolk." (Right) View from the stage—"sloping tiers of seats accommodating approximately 800."

marshlands to the sea beyond? Where a stand of trees breaks the line of the pure blue sky, one realizes why Suffolk is known as "Constable country."

Britten's attachment to it became clearer as he led the way from the tea table to a newly constructed library nearby. "This used to be the chicken run," he said, waving in the direction of the low stone construction we were approaching. As we settled into the cheerfully furnished room with its two grand pianos, he left no doubt that the Aldeburgh Festival was closely related to his fundamental feeling that music should communicate. "Why else," he queried. "should a composer write?"

The people of the borough give a great deal back to him in their annual endeavor: They build and paint scenery, sing in the chorus, and, in general, involve themselves as much with his life as he does with theirs. Even the creation of the Snape Concert Hall has brought Britten closer to the population. Those natives who were not drawn into the yearly activities and viewed the "artists" with suspicion, reacted differently when it was discovered that the Queen would participate in the dedication ceremonies in early June. Nobody could remember when the Royal family had previously visited Suffolk.

Britten's references to "involvement" and "communication" turned his thoughts to a recent visit to York where he had appeared before an audience of advanced music students at a university. "They seemed interested in my way of working, in my belief in communication. . . . I wouldn't say reinterested," he added, "because I don't think they had such an interest before. One of the students during a question period said: 'It must be very hard to write music if you don't use the twelve-tone method.'" Britten said he quite agreed, but added with a smile, "Creation itself *is* hard, whether with paints, or words, or tones."

As for "novelty" in expression or affiliation with the avant-garde, I mentioned that the date of a composition is perhaps its least important element, that few know and even fewer care whether *Das Lied von der Erde* was written in 1903, 1909, or 1919. The only fact of importance is that it "exists." His comment was to the effect that, of course, a dominant seventh chord doesn't have the same connotation today that it did 150 years ago, but it remains a value that can be used. As for "fashion," his face lighted up as he said, "What about Bach? He was considered old-fashioned in his lifetime, but you can open to a page of almost any cantata and find striking uses of ideas that are exciting today."

"Communication" is also involved in his recent trend to the writing of such works as *Curlew River* and *The Burning Fiery Furnace*. "What's the use of writing English operas when there are no English opera houses in which to perform them?" he observed. "On the other hand, almost every town, not to say village, has one of those old Gothic churches in which this form of writing can flourish, and involve the local musicians as performers." As for future intentions, Britten is stimulated by the possibilities of a television opera, especially since the brilliant TV adaptation of his *Billy Budd* by Basil Coleman, with whom he would like to work. As to subject matter, Britten was communicatively vague. That is to say, he was willing to be informative, but there wasn't much to be informative about. "Very likely it will be from an existing source," he said, "because I have very little capacity for story invention. . . . It could be a Henry James again [a reference to *The Turn of the Screw*] but there is nothing definite yet. . . ."

IT is definite that Britten will do some traveling this fall, when the English Opera Group performs at Expo 67, and that he will satisfy long-standing invitations to perform song programs with Pears in New York, Mexico City, Buenos Aires, and several other South American cities. He confesses to some uneasiness about this diffusion of effort, that he is "a little worried" when he isn't composing. But he recognizes that he has, still, a strong impulse toward performance and that contact with an audience provides a stimulus like no other.

Doubtless 1967 will be recorded, in the Britten chronology, as the year in which he acquired a place of his own in which to house his artistic offspring. But it is the offspring themselves, past and future, who will make the house a home for the Aldeburgh activities of the future. My guess is that, together, they will make this corner of Suffolk a lure for music lovers long after the jets that roar out of the nearby NATO airbase have gone elsewhere—which, for those who have Britten's interest at heart, can't be too soon.

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Monteverdi for Moderns

Claudio Monteverdi — "a long-remiss tribute."

A BIRTHDAY can often afford the recording industry an ideal occasion for paying a long-remiss tribute to a sometimes neglected composer. May 15, 1967, marked the 400th birthday of the Cremona-born master, Claudio Monteverdi, and for this important quadricentennial year both Telefunken's *Das Alte Werk* series (SAWT 9501/02-A) and Columbia (stereo, M2S 763; mono, M2L 363) have released the first stereo recordings of his masterpiece, *Vespro della Beata Vergine*, or the "Vespers of 1610." Of prime attention for the Monteverdi scholars and fanciers is the fact that the two paths taken to performance ends are as disparate as the Renaissance and the twentieth century themselves.

Among the crucial questions facing the conductor and/or editor of such a venture is the exact circumstance and place for which the composer intended his "Vespers" to be heard. Because it is a vespers service based on the opening of the Ordinary of the Ecclesiastical Hours and consisting of the response ("Domine ad adiuvandum"), five psalms (Nos. 109, 112, 121, 126, and 147), a hymn ("Ave maris stella"), and Magnificat (all with preceding and following antiphons), it might well have been intended for a purely liturgical function.

But because it also contains five non-liturgical sections—"Nigra sum," "Pulchra es," "Duo Seraphim," "Audi coelum," and the instrumental "Sonata sopra 'Sancta Maria ora pro nobis'"—it is also convincingly argued that the "Vespers" was composed as a collection for a private chapel or palace.

In other words, both a liturgical or a purely musical attitude may be taken to this music. *Das Alte Werk*'s Jürgen Jürgens, using Nikolaus Harnoncourt's version, and Columbia's Robert Craft offer eloquent reasoning, aural and intellectual, for both opinions. Another editor, Denis Stevens, has so strongly felt the schism between the liturgical and the secular that his 1960 version includes *only* the response, psalms, hymn, and Magnificat. Both newly recorded versions here consist of the full thirteen movements, employing the larger, seven-voice Magnificat, instead of the alternate six-voice version with organ. The major difference is that Harnoncourt has included for the first time on record the antiphons, emphatically stating his position for the music as being liturgically intended; while Craft, buoyed by the added factor that he has rearranged the order of the pieces to make the "Sonata sopra 'Sancta Maria'" the climactic midpoint, has chosen to present this music for contemporary concert listening.

A further major consideration in performing music of the seventeenth century is that of the authenticity of the instruments. Harnoncourt and Jürgens, in attempting to recreate Monteverdi's music as he might have heard it played in a church or chapel, have assembled in the Concentus Musicus of Vienna a twenty-five piece orchestra of ancient and reproduction strings, pifferi (early oboes), Renaissance recorders, Baroque trombones, genuine cornetti, virginals, dulcian (early bassoon), and lute. On the other hand, Craft uses only modern instruments in his Columbia Baroque Ensemble.

With all such central and inevitable musicological questions under consideration, both performances by Jürgens and Craft are valuable additions to the catalogue. The forces gathered under Jürgens's baton—including the skillful Concentus Musicus, as well as the Monteverdi Choir of Hamburg, the Capella Antiqua of Munich, members of the Vienna Boys' Choir, and his six soloists—seem born to the task of capturing the style and sound of Monteverdi's music. As prepared by Jürgens and recorded by Telefunken, the choral voices and instruments take on an almost transparent quality, and the soloists are of the vibrato-less variety.

Of prime importance among the solo assignments are those given to the first and second tenors. Nigel Rogers, in his "Nigra sum" and throughout, handles the decorated vocal line with uncommon flexibility and ease. And the virtuosic blend of the two tenors (Bert van t'Hoff as second tenor with the eventual addition of baritone Max van Egmond) in "Duo Seraphim" is exquisite as the vocal lines poetically weave among one another. Sopranos Rohtraud Hansmann and Irmgard Jacobeit attain an equal plane of perfection in their beautiful duet, "Pulchra es." The engineers have given the overall Telefunken effort a warmth of tone and clarity of voices that embellish Jürgens's total view.

The Columbia set, more modern in its approach as it is, provides a somewhat more dramatic listening experience under Craft's knowing baton. The combined choruses of the Gregg Smith Singers and Texas Boys' Choir may not effect the delicate blend of their European counterparts, but they do sing with accuracy and expressivity; and Columbia engineers have created some superb stereo effects in the echo and antiphonal choruses of "Laudate, pueri" and "Nisi Dominus." By using a modern organ and trumpets, a certain weightiness tends to inflate the musical texture, yet it is hard to resist the glowing and rich, fruity sounds produced here. Craft, like Jürgens, conducts with an authority, a freedom and lack of academicism, which makes for vivid listening. His soloists are not always up to those on Telefunken.

THE two previous versions of the "Vespers," Oiseau-Lyre's conducted by Anthony Lewis and Vox's conducted by Hans Grischkat, both lack the blessing of stereo to bring them fully to life. Both would seem to use somewhat larger choral forces than on the new recordings. The Oiseau-Lyre treatment boasts a complete version edited by Leo Schrade, while the Vox is incomplete.

Another welcome tribute to the celebrant Monteverdi turns out also to be a welcome reissue. Odyssey's mono disc (32 16 0087) of the New York Pro Musica, available in the late 1950s on Columbia, can be recommended without any reservation, musical or musicological. Having assembled eight madrigals from the nine books, plus the six madrigals from "Tears of a Lover at the Tomb of the Beloved," the Pro Musica under the late Noah Greenberg's splendid direction conveys simplicity in manner and pleasure in music-making, enhanced by remarkable presence of both voices and instruments. This means delight in Russell Oberlin's lead in several of the madrigals, beginning with the opening duet "Zefiro torna" with Charles Bressler, as well as Bernard Krainis's sparkling recorder throughout.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.

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Ornette Coleman: Father and Son

THE GENESIS of Ornette Coleman's new LP *The Empty Foxhole* (Blue Note BLP stereo, 84246; mono, 4246), given by Coleman in his liner notes, is certainly worth summarizing briefly. Four years ago, Coleman's then six-year-old son, Denny, was asking for a particular kind of toy gun he had seen on television as a birthday present, when his father suggested a drum set as a possible alternative in case he couldn't find the gun. "Dad," came the answer, "you can forget about the gun. Send the drums. . . ."

Coleman is not willing to exploit the fact that his young son plays drums; he nearly canceled out of a recent night-club engagement when it developed that a press agent was issuing unauthorized announcements that Denny Coleman would be appearing with his trio. But he has encouraged him and, now that he thinks Denny is ready for it, he has recorded with him and with Charles Hayden on bass. Hayden, in a description which I am not absolutely sure he would appreciate my putting in print, said of the experience, "It was the first record date I was ever on where the drummer nearly got a spanking." Perhaps an interesting precedent might have been set if he *had* got a spanking. But, judging by the recorded results, he didn't deserve one.

In several ways, the music echoes the Ornette Coleman of a few years back. Coleman himself plays with a great deal of the deliberately off-pitch plaintiveness and querulousness that has become more subdued in his recent work. Second, there is Hayden's presence; he had not played with Coleman for more than five years, but his creative understanding of the music seems undiminished. There are pieces like "Good Old Days," a basically simple but mysteriously extended blues, breaking through the traditional twelve-bar form like his earlier "Blues in Disguise." And there is "Zig Zag," which may remind one of the earlier "Ramblin'."

I liked best the brief title piece, "The Empty Foxhole," a Coleman dirge for trumpet; "Faithful," a beautiful instrumental ballad, with Coleman on alto; and "Zig Zag," a delightfully playful excursion, also on alto. "Sound Gravitation," in free tempo, and with Coleman on violin, is a challenging and interestingly conceived three-part improvisation by the three players, made somewhat static by the nature of Coleman's resources on the instrument at the time the recording was made. I liked least the very fast "Freeway Express" by Coleman's trumpet.

And Denny Coleman? Well, he's a little awkward here and there, and there are of course several things he can't do. He's even a bit overbearing (or over-recorded?) at the beginning of "Empty Foxhole," and he seems to me to be having some tempo trouble early in "Zig Zag." But the point is that he does what he does with sensitivity and clear conviction. And the further point is that he plays more truly in the idiom of this music than perhaps any drummer that Coleman has used on records. There is a minimum of conventional ching-ching/ching-ching timekeeping, and a maximum of spontaneous percussive counterpoint. His tom-tom, snare, and cymbal patterns on "Faithful" are particularly remarkable in this respect.

MOST people who are aware of the jazz and blues vocal tradition are aware of the preeminence of Bessie Smith. Fewer people are aware of her important predecessor and early mentor, Gertrude "Ma" Rainey. Indeed, the fact that Ma Rainey's efforts got recorded at all came about almost as an afterthought to Bessie Smith's success on a major label, Columbia. For it was only then that a minor label located in the Midwest, Paramount, found Ma Rainey and recorded her between 1923 and 1928.

The Paramount company was notorious for technically poor recordings and shoddy pressing surfaces. But a recent reissue, *The Immortal Ma Rainey* (Milestone 2001, mono only) gives the deep contralto probably the best LP transfer her voice has yet had. There is a distinct hum on three titles, and at times her voice quality varies from session to session (on "Slow Driving Moan" it is almost as though we were suddenly confronted with a different singer with a slightly different range), but these faults were probably there in original recordings. Her range, musically and emotionally, was less than Miss Smith's to be sure. But titles like "Memphis Bound Blues" and particularly "Slave to the Blues" show her sustained sense of drama excellently, and a comedic vaudeville piece like "'Fore Day Hongry Scat" shows how impeccable her rhythmic momentum was, even at slow tempos. Some of the accompaniments are deliberate hokum (complete with kazoos), some quite otherwise; the notes, alas, are not always up to date in their scholarship on who's who. But all in all, the LP is a good (if not ideal) introduction to Ma Rainey.

The same cannot be said for the label's tribute to the New Orleans clarinetist in *The Immortal Johnny Dodds* (Milestone 2002, mono only). The first three titles on the first side ("Rampart Street Blues," "Don't Shake It No More," and "Too Sweet For Words"), and two blues accompaniments to singer Ida Cox on the second side do not feature Dodds at all, but a clarinetist named Jimmy O'Bryant, a rather insensitive player who had borrowed a few of Dodds's more obvious mannerisms. A pity too, for the LP does have some plaintive Dodds blues-playing on Lovie Austin's "Jackass Blues" and an exceptional Dodds performance as he curls his way through the marvelously titled "Frog Tongue Stomp." Finally, the LP ends with a rare "second take" of "Messin' Around," one of the few recordings by the early New Orleans trumpeter, Freddy Keppard.

The Bob Crosby Orchestra and Bob Cats' *Greatest Hits* (Decca BL 4856, mono only) is one of those collections which trades on the heyday of the big bands. Here one barely glimpses the talents of trumpeters Billy Butterfield and Yank Lawson, saxophonist Eddie Miller, and pianist Bob Zurke; only the band's clarinetist, Irving Fazola, is adequately represented. Collectively the Crosby sidemen made up a slick ensemble with lots of personality and very little character. And I might suggest that anyone who knows Meade Lux Lewis's "Yancy Special" and "Honky Tonk Train," Joe Sullivan's "Gin Mill Blues" and "Little Rock Getaway," and the Mitchell Christian Singers' "I'm Prayin' Humble" only in the Crosby versions, and not the originals, may have heard something of the style but knows little of the substance of those fine pieces. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

Ornette Coleman—"plaintiveness and querulousness."

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Recordings in Review

Janowitz Plain

MOZART: *"Ah, lo previdi: Ah, t'invola agl'occhi miei" (K.272); "A questo seno deh vieni: Or che il cielo a me ti rende" (K.374); "Alma grande e nobil core" (K.578); "Vado, ma dove? oh Dei!" (K.583); "Bella mia fiamma: Resta, o cara" (K.528); "Misera, dove son? Ah! non son io che parlo" (K.369). Gundula Janowitz, soprano; with the Vienna Symphony conducted by Wilfried Böttcher.* DGG stereo, 139 198, $5.79; mono, 39 198, $5.79.

THIS EXTENDED STINT of solo singing, in as difficult a category of effort as a soprano can undertake, provides perhaps the best opportunity yet for the record buyer to appraise the vocal abilities of Gundula Janowitz (better certainly than her Sieglinde in the Karajan *Walküre*, or the soprano part of the Ninth Symphony in the DGG sequence). What is heard in the first groove on side one is also heard in the last groove on side two, and practically all those in between. That is a clear, pure, beautifully produced sound which makes singing seem as easy as speaking —the order of vocal accomplishment associated with such "instrumental" singers of the past as Elisabeth Rethberg and Tiana Lemnitz.

What this means is that Miss Janowitz can sing fast or slow, high (B flat) or low (G below middle C), loud or soft, with almost equal facility. What she does easiest and best is really a *mezza voce* sound in the middle register, a truly seductive quality which adds aural enticement in "Ah, t'invola agl'occhi miei" to what is merely delight and pleasure elsewhere. Suffice it to say that Miss Janowitz is capable of covering a generous soprano range with accuracy, economy of effort, and consistently satisfactory sound.

—*DGG photo.*

Gundula Janowitz—"Only a critic could ask for more."

What she cannot do so well yet is to impart a sense of personal involvement with what she sings. It may, of course, be the crux of her personal involvement *not* to intrude her personality into Mozart's—there just hasn't been enough opportunity to find out that much about her, artistically (the Pamina she sings on the Angel recording of *Die Zauberflöte* is clearly as much or more Klemperer as it is Janowitz). But I should doubt that any singer of her quality would want the recitative ("Bella mia fiamma") that precedes "Resta, o cara" to sound quite so cool and detached. But what a beautiful sound! Only a critic could ask for more. Wilfried Böttcher does his part of the joint effort with quiet efficiency and consistently good taste.

A Sample of Shchedrin

SHCHEDRIN: *Concerto for Orchestra ("Mischievous Melodies"); Not Love Alone (excerpts). Moscow Philharmonic Symphony conducted by Kiril Kondrashin; with Irina Arkhipova, mezzo-soprano.* Melodiya/Angel stereo, SR 40011, $5.79; mono, R 40011, $4.79.

THOSE WHO may have wondered, idly or otherwise, where the impulse that Serge Prokofiev brought into Russian music went when he died might consider the case of Rodion Shchedrin. When his name was included some months ago among those of a dozen world-famous composers who had been invited to accept commissions from the New York Philharmonic to honor its 125th anniversary, it conveyed no significance whatsoever.

Now, however, the promise of hearing something fresh from his mind is a prospect to anticipate. That is due, first of all, to the introduction of this concerto late last season by the Philharmonic, and by the additional impressions conveyed on this recording from Moscow by the excerpts from his opera *Not Love Alone*. Unlike others who have perpetuated something of the breeziness and excitement that Prokofiev imparted to his music, Shchedrin seems capable also of perpetuating in tone some of his expressive gamut. That makes him automatically a man of some moment.

In the Concerto (whose Russian title, *Ozórniye chastúshki*, is subject to other interpretations than the one chosen here for it), Shchedrin is working mainly with the wry, half-humorous ideas implied in the title "Mischievous Melodies." They are subjected to orchestral elaborations which, if now and then reproduce too closely the colorations of Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet* or *Stone Flower*, are, without question, masterfully contrived. It is in the excerpts from the opera produced in 1961, however, that Shchedrin shows that he has something of his great predecessor's ability to evolve new melodic contours and fresh background combinations from the basic tonal language.

As a further mark of esteem for Shchedrin, he treats the Lament (beautifully sung by Arkhipova) to a swift sequence of tempo, dynamic, and orchestral alterations without sacrificing vocal line or its suitability for singing. The breadth and spaciousness of the writing in the opera, as well as the cunning detail in the Concerto, are impressively realized in the orchestral performance. The sound technics are impressively good.

Suliotis and the SPCTYS

MASCAGNI: *Cavalleria Rusticana. Elena Suliotis, Mario del Monaco, Tito Gobbi, Anna di Stasio (Mamma Lucia) and Stefania Malagù (Lola); with orchestra and chorus directed by Silvio Varviso.* VERDI: *"Ma dall'arido stelo" (Un Ballo in Maschera) and "Pace, pace mio Dio" (La Forza del Destino).* PONCHIELLI: *"Suicidio" (La Gioconda). Suliotis; with orchestra conducted by Varviso.* London stereo, OSA 1266, $11.59; mono, A 4266, $9.59.

CONSIDERING WHAT has happened to some singers of exceptional promise in the last decade or so (Anita Cerquetti is a prime example), perhaps it is time that a SPCTYS (Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Young Singers) should be organized. A prime candidate for its attention would be the enormously gifted Elena Suliotis, the latest coin for spending by the impresari of the operatic and record worlds.

When Miss Suliotis (who is now all of twenty-four) burst on the world less than a year ago in a recording of *Nabucco*, there was no question that she had the temperament for a convincing performance of Abigaille. There was some question, however, whether she was an exceptional performer whose technical equipment was penalized by the even more exceptional demands of this particular part, or a performer

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whose technical equipment was not equal to her other attributes.

Since nothing on these two discs is of the Abigaille order of difficulty and Miss Suliotis nevertheless has recurrent problems of phrasing and intonation—as well as of breath control and support—the conclusion would have to be that she is being pushed too far too fast. That she has a striking individuality in her sound and a precious ability to convey drama by voice alone is undeniable; but there are few realistic reasons for her to improve the means at her disposal if she can get by with what she has.

Miss Suliotis's limitations as a singer are even more conspicuous in the three arias on side four than they are in her performance of Santuzza—primarily because they are more concentrated in the solo singing than they are in the ensembles of the opera. She seizes and holds the attention by the sheer compulsion of the dramatic power she puts forth, but it falls short of first class singing by more than a little. Almost every rising phrase ends with an ugly expulsion of breath; the sound loses quality at full power, wavers from pitch in *pp*, etc.

Similarly, this *Cavalleria* falls as short of filling the need for a new version as the recent one on DGG directed by Karajan (though for different reasons). Despite her unevenness (even more in the dialogue than in the arias), Suliotis is *the* reason for listening to this performance. That is another way of saying that del Monaco's day of giving pleasure in a recording is nearing its end, and Gobbi's is giving alarming signs of approaching vocal twilight, too. All the detail, good and bad, is graphically present in London's reproduction.

Masselos on Ives

IVES: *Sonata No. 1. (1902-1910). William Masselos, piano.* Odyssey 32 16 0059, mono only, $2.49. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 2941, $5.79; mono, LM 2941, $5.79.

WHAT IS REMARKABLE about these two performances is not the differences they contain, though recorded fifteen years apart, but the likenesses they share. That is not, as it would seem to be, a comment on the performer, but on what he is performing. For it is well known that the published version of the sonata was created nearly two decades ago by Lou Harrison from Ives's manuscript, and a revised or altered text might very well have come into being since 1953, when the Columbia (now Odyssey) version was issued.

Indeed, the RCA Victor annotation by Max Wilcox deals with this very situation: the discovery, after the publication of the Harrison text, of a photostat of Ives's own version with innumerable changes (some passages were notated four different ways). It came to Masselos's attention, however, virtually on the day he was scheduled to record the work for RCA Victor, posing the question: Should he record the Harrison version again, or restudy the work in the form it assumed in the Ives photostat?

—*London Record.*

Elena Suliotis — "seizes and holds the attention."

Doubtless there were excellent, even overriding, considerations why Masselos and RCA went ahead on the basis of the text as he knew it (included, very probably, was the absence of the Columbia version from the catalogue for years, and the lack of any likelihood, as of February 1966 when the decision was made, that it would be available soon again). The plain fact is, however, that there are now two Masselos versions of the same text rather than versions by Masselos of the two texts that are known to exist. Since he is, by reasons of conquest, eminent domain, and whatever other legalisms that might be applied, the "owner" and authority on this work, there would be special value in his performance of the Ives as well as the Harrison texts.

What we have, rather, is an upgraded re-creation of an interpretative feat that was pretty staggering in its first form. That is to say, what Masselos had done in absorbing the essence of a difficult work prior to his first recording was so encompassing that the area of possible improvement was decidedly limited. The new version is, without question, freer, sometimes more impetuous and dynamically varied—and the resources of stereo are decidedly advantageous to Ives—but there is much, much good to be said still for the old one (whose piano sound is by no means passé).

Solti's Mahler No. 2

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 2 ("Resurrection"). Georg Solti conducting the London Symphony Orchestra; with Helen Watts, mezzo, and Heather Harper, soprano.* London stereo, OSA 2217, $11.59; mono, CMA 7217, $9.59.

IN MORE than one way, this sizable achievement takes up where Solti and London left off in their concluding section of the *Ring* released not quite a year ago. From the opening rumble of the double basses to the final resounding E flat (with organ chords added to the maximum output of strings, winds, and percussion), he is in sure command of the musical problem, which is much to say of any conductor. Throughout, the London technicians have excelled their own high standards of craftsmanship (as embodied in *Götterdämmerung*) in their realization of Mahler's tonal cosmos.

This consists of more than achieving the maximum clamor in the work's massive climaxes (including the swell and decrescendo, as indicated, in the final measures). That is always possible, at some sacrifice to other values. What is attention-compelling about this particular achievement is the vast breadth of its dynamic panorama. This relates not only to the weight of its greatest sounds but also to the lightness of its least. A particular example is the balancing of the two harps at the end of the second movement, where Mahler has written an *arpeggio* for one followed by a *glissando* for the other. I would not say that the *glissando* is, actually, *pppp* whereas the *arpeggio* ends with the marking *ppp* (Mahler often wrote such instructions in the hope that a distinction would be made by the conductor, rather than in the conviction that it would, literally, be a difference between *pianissississimo* and *pianississimo*), but the total effect is beautifully proportioned to what has preceded. The probability is that some broad application of the Dolby noise-suppressing circuits have enabled the recordists to work for finer degrees of discrimination than have hitherto been possible.

What is more to the musical point is that Solti's effort not only merits but gains from every shade of contrast that it can be accorded. His is neither a reticent nor an hysterical Mahler, but one which shapes all the aspects of the work to a magnificently congruent totality. There comes, inevitably, that moment in the finale when the whole structure seems about to collapse from its own weight of overstatement, but it is just there that Solti relaxes pressure and then goes steadily on to the *real* climax. I would not elect it as superior to Klemperer's or Bernstein's, but I would put it in the same honored category, musically, and with many distinctions of its own, acoustically.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Auric: Overture (1938). Françaix: Concertino. Milhaud: *Le Boeuf sur la Toit*. Satie: *Parade*. Antal Dorati and the London Symphony: with Claude Françaix, piano. Mercury stereo, SR 90435; mono, MG 505435, $5.79.	Though temporarily obscured by other recent releases, this little *soirée française* demands, and receives, the recognition due to it for spirit, style, and individuality. Whether it is Auric's spicy Overture (his only symphonic work, says Felix Aprahamian's annotation), Satie's irreverent *Parade,* Milhaud's delightful *Le Boeuf*—with its inspired use of clashing tonalities for a kind of misty irresolution—or Françaix's engaging Concertino, there is nothing else in music quite like it. Together they make one wonder: What happened to the "next" generation of French composers? Dorati's ballet background is partially responsible for his fluent, non-stodgy treatment of Milhaud and Satie (both their works derive from that source), but he maintains an equality of effort to result in the minuscule Concertino and the one-second longer (7:53 to 7:52) Overture. The composer's daughter Claude performs his work as though it had been written for her.
Delius: "I Once Passed Through a Populous City." Sir John Barbirolli conducting the Hallé Orchestra: with Sylvia Fisher, soprano: and Jess Walters, baritone. "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring"; Prelude to *Irmelin*; Intermezzo (*Fennimore and Gerda*); and "The Walk to the Paradise Garden" (*A Village Romeo and Juliet*). Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra. Vanguard stereo, SRV 240, $5.79; mono, RV 240, $4.79.	Here is further evidence to the point that Sir John Barbirolli has succeeded the late Sir Thomas Beecham as the living representative of Delius's interests, idiom, and artistic legacy. This extends not only to the perpetuation of interest in such perennial favorites as the orchestral matter on side two, but also to the propagation of the hitherto little known "Idyll" ("I once passed through a populous city"). A resuscitation years later of music originally conceived for the early opera *Margot-la-Rouge,* it suits well the Whitman texts to which it was adapted (with the composer's consent) in 1932. It does not reveal any new facets of the composer's individuality, but it exhibits the old ones in varied shades and lights. The orchestral playing throughout is extremely personal and poetic, though the vocalists lack the final touch of distinction to perform on the same level. However, the conductor's feeling for the music fuses all the values into an affecting totality. Very satisfactory sound.
Mahler: Symphony No. 3. The Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam conducted by Bernard Haitink: with Maureen Forrester, mezzo. Philips stereo, PHS 2-996, $11.59; mono, PHM 2-596, $11.59.	This is a very special kind of Mahler No. 3—not so much a Haitink Mahler No. 3 as an Amsterdam Concertgebouw Mahler No. 3. It is related so much to the special sound of the orchestra and its solo performers (who else could produce the kind of bright but not brassy trumpet sound which is heard in the Scherzo?) that competition with others is ruled out. Some may, with good reason, prefer a version by the Vienna or New York Philharmonic, but the Amsterdam, it seems to me, stands on a middle, high ground between them that is enormously appealing. The high esteem in which the Canadian Miss Forrester is held in Holland (a land of not a few good *native* mezzos) is affirmed by her choice as the soloist for this version, and she justifies it with a delivery of the vocal writing that is eloquently related to the special surroundings. If the foregoing suggests that Haitink has a minor or incidental part in the result, that suggestion is inaccurate. It is, rather, that he brings to bear all the values that result in an inimitable performance rather than merely a brilliant one. Obviously the sound has to be of similar quality.
Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 3 in A (*Scotch*); and *Hebrides* Overture. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia stereo, MS 6976; mono, ML 6376, $5.79.	Bernstein's performances have not only the attributes of rhythmic precision, orchestral discipline, and dynamic control common to most of his recordings, but something much more uncommon: the character of the composer's personality as contained in a particular kind of music. This is very good Bernstein, but it is something even more valuable: first rate Mendelssohn. A product of insight and understanding, it comes about through the coordination of an infinite number of details to the creation of a likeness (which is to say, very much the way in which a visual portrait is drawn). All the elements, sound included, are part of an entity.
Pizzetti: *La Pisanella; Concerto dell' Estate*. Lamberto Gardelli conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London stereo, CS 6508; mono, CM 9508, $5.79.	It is interesting (and sometimes instructive) to rehear a work which has been in, and out of favor, in the hope, perhaps, of determining which causes one as well as the other. In the case of Pizzetti's *Concerto dell' Estate,* which used to have more than occasional performances by Toscanini, Molinari, de Sabata, etc., the reason is clear enough why it was then performed: a rich wash of orchestral color, sufficient to submerge any sub-surface lack of substance. Why is it no longer in favor (aside from the falling off in conductors of the background identified above)? The same rich wash of color which is no longer sufficient to submerge a lack of sub-surface substance. Both the *Concerto* and its disc-mate (derived from incidental music to a play by d'Annunzio) are powerfully performed by the Swiss orchestra under Gardelli's enlivening direction. Could reproduction alone do it, this would be a pair of "winners." But even that earns only so many points.
Rachmaninoff: Symphonic Dances, Op. 45: *Vocalise*. Donald Johanos conducting the Dallas Symphony Orchestra. Turnabout stereo, TV 34145S, $2.50.	Johanos clearly has labored hard to bring off superior results in this first example of the Dallas Symphony's playing quality to be recorded in years. It speaks well for the discipline he has achieved in his years (five) as its music director, also for the quality of its solo wind and string players (concertmaster Leonard Posner has an opportunity, well-used, in the second of the dances). There are, however, some angularities in Johanos's direction (especially in the "Tempo di valse") which diminish the total artistry offered. It is also a realistic fact that the Dallas orchestra has a way to go, still, before it matches the quality of the Philadelphia ensemble which, among others, has recorded the dances. For a final fact: the recording in McFarlin Auditorium of SMU has produced a dull sound rather heavy on the bass end.
Stravinsky: Symphony in E flat, Op. 1. The composer conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Columbia stereo, MS 6989; mono, ML 6389, $5.79.	It is a special kind of *noblesse oblige* for Stravinsky to take the pains to recreate, from his present point of view, the score he created nearly sixty years ago under the guidance of Rimsky-Korsakov. It is not a work of profound interest today, save as an indication of the enormous distance he has covered, stylistically, since those early formative phases of his career. There have been prior recordings of the E-flat Symphony, none of them even vaguely comparable to this one. If Stravinsky is quite objective about its weaknesses and shortcomings, he is pardonably subjective about the fine pages of the slow movement which proclaim an extraordinary talent. A rare piece of documentation by any standard. —Irving Kolodin.

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THE OTHER SIDE

The New Hall at Snape

LONDON.

THANKS TO what has been described as the wettest spring in 200 years, England is very much the "green and pleasant land" described by Blake, especially in the area of East Anglia where Benjamin Britten makes his home at Aldeburgh. Those who ventured the trip from London for the opening of the Snape Concert Hall thus had one pleasure piled on another, for nature combined with music to make the festival's coming-of-age in the presence of the Queen a double delight.

The new Concert Hall was inaugurated by the performance of Britten's choral overture "The Building of the House," specially composed for the occasion and conducted by its creator. Also heard at this concert, which was being recorded in its permanent installation backstage by Decca, were Delius's "Summer Night on the River," Gustav Holst's "St. Paul's Suite" (directed by his daughter, Imogene) and Handel's resplendent "St. Cecilia's Ode," for which the English Chamber Orchestra under Britten was joined by Heather Harper, Peter Pears, and a special chorus drawn from various nearby communities.

The immediate impression conveyed by this stark yet friendly building was that its lofty, timbered roof would provide an ideal home for music. The visual impression was sustained by the aural at the opening concert, and should be apparent world-wide when the Decca recording makes its appearance. Likewise to be anticipated is the recording of Britten's new *The Burning Fiery Furnace* which has been made in nearby Orford Church (where *Noye's Fludde* and *Curlew River* were also first performed and subsequently recorded). With the composer in calm, masterful control—despite a television crew in attendance from BBC in addition to the Decca team—and Peter Pears performing consummately as Nebuchadnezzar, one could only marvel at the varied and imaginative textures he has conjured up from a handful of singers and players.

Earlier in May, Britten and Pears had given a marvelous song recital in the Queen Elizabeth Hall, with a program ranging from Haydn (in whose "Sailor's Song" one line sounded uncommonly like "Tis Britten's glory we proclaim") and Schumann—a memorable "Dichterliebe"—to Wolf, early Berg, and Britten's own "Poet's Echo," striking settings of Pushkin, originally composed in the U.S.S.R. for Vishnevskaya and Rostropovich and now performed for the first time in Pears's English translation. Other notable events in the concert hall have been a brief visit by Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic and the British premiere of the *St. Luke Passion* by the young and highly gifted Polish composer, Krzysztof Penderecki. This last work, of which Philips has just issued a fine recording, is a setting in Latin for the speaker, three soloists, chorus, and orchestra of the Passion story. Originally commissioned by the West German Radio for the 700th anniversary of Münster Cathedral, it has, since its premiere in 1965, captured the imagination of audiences wherever it has been performed and was acclaimed with cheers at the Festival Hall, thereby proving that it is still possible to write music which belongs wholly to its time without sacrificing the priceless gift of communication.

Turning to the latest record releases brings another link with Aldeburgh where a new production of Britten's *Midsummer Night's Dream* in its original chamber version is being staged in this year's festival. Decca's recording of the opera, however, uses the full orchestral version which the composer subsequently prepared for Covent Garden, though the cast includes several singers who created the parts in the original Aldeburgh production, among them Alfred Deller (Oberon), Owen Brannigan (Bottom), and Thomas Hemsley (Demetrius). Britten's decision to cast Oberon as a counter-tenor, though to my mind a stroke of genius, has given opera managements the world over many a headache, and the part has been sung by baritones as well as mezzo-sopranos. Deller, though Britten's original choice, now sounds past his prime and cannot efface memories of Russell Oberlin, who sang so superbly in the first Covent Garden production. Then, too, we had Geraint Evans's marvelous Bottom, much subtler in characterization than Brannigan's, while Elizabeth Harwood's present Tytania was also surpassed by Joan Carlyle.

PETER Pears, who created the role of Flute/Thisby, here takes over Lysander, leaving the comedy and parody-coloratura to the excellent Kenneth MacDonald. The romantic quartet is admirably completed by Heather Harper and Josephine Veasey; Helen Watts and John Shirley-Quirk are first-rate as Hippolyta and Theseus, while the rest of the cast is thoroughly capable. Britten, as always, is a splendid conductor of his own music. Decca's recording of a superb performance by the London Symphony is predictably excellent. Even so, the impression remains that this lovely score sounded even more beautiful when first we heard it at Covent Garden in Solti's opening season.

This month marks the return to the

(*Continued on page* 55)

—*Hans Wild photo.*

London Decca's "permanent installation backstage." Left: Gordon Parry, right, John Culshaw.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Lortzing: *Zar und Zimmermann* (excerpts): Overture and Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 9, 13, 14, 15, and 16 (Ballet-music). Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Fritz Wunderlich, Karl Christian Kohn, Friedrich Lenz, and Ingeborg Hallstein; with the Bamberg Symphony conducted by Hans Gierster. DGG stereo, 136 432, $5.79.	Whether this sampling of the famous *Singspiel* based on the career of Peter the Great in Holland will invite a desire for the whole of it will depend on the listener's capacity for lively tunes and homely sentiment. It is, certainly, about as well performed as it could be, not merely by the adaptable Fischer-Dieskau as Peter and the unfortunate Wunderlich as Marquis von Chateauneuf, but even more by the hitherto little-known Kohn as van Bett. To judge from his gusty performance of "O sancta justitia" (a patter aria of classic proportions), Kohn may develop into a *buffo basso* of the Bohnen-Hann-Frick order. He has many of the notes and much of the disposition if not yet total command of all the problems related to such specialization. Musical interest tends to slacken as the second side wears on, but it is valuable to have nevertheless.
Schumann: *Frauenliebe und Leben*. Strauss: "Morgen!"; "Einerlei"; "Waldseligkeit"; "Hat Gesagt"; "Seitdem dein Aug' in Meines Schaute"; "Schlechtes Wetter"; and "Befreit." Lisa della Casa, soprano; with Sebastian Peschko, piano. Turnabout stereo, TV 34125S, $2.50.	The qualities for which della Casa has long been admired are productively concentrated here in the Schumann treatment of the Chamisso texts. This is by no means a common occurrence, for they tread a narrow path between sentiment and bathos. Miss della Casa's sure sense of artistic direction, however, keeps her from overstepping that line, and her lovely sound, womanly warmth, and fine articulation of the texts do the rest. In a word, della Casa brings credibility to such a song as "Du Ring an meinem Finger" by not resorting to the exaggeration of emotion in which some singers feel obliged to indulge. The demands of the Strauss songs being more variable, so are the results achieved by della Casa. She does a charming "Morgen!" but some of the faster-moving songs (such as "Schlechtes Wetter") are more than a little breathy, and her lower register doesn't have the support it should. The long experienced Peschko performs discreetly but well, a little too much in the background.
Strauss: "Ich liebe dich"; "Ruhe, meine Seele"; "Ich schwebe"; "Traum durch die Dämmerung"; "Zueignung"; "Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten"; "Wiegenlied"; "Ich trage meine Minne"; "Freundliche Vision"; "Schlechtes Wetter"; "Morgen!"; "Befreit"; "Die Nacht"; and "Cäcilie." Montserrat Caballé, soprano; with Miguel Zanetti, piano. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 2956; mono, LM 2956, $4.79.	Every one of these songs is a delight, and the totality is a meal entirely of plums for those with active Strauss taste buds. Among them clearly is Miss Caballé, who has her own Spanish-tinged recipe for serving *Strausspflaumen*. This may strike some accustomed to the German *art* as slightly exotic, but the mixture makes for a quality all its own. Or to resume more customary terminology, it is easy to fault Miss Caballé for slightly imperfect German pronunciation and a curious lapse of intonation every so often, but 90 per cent of her effort is so delightful to hear, so engaging in its projection of a personal manner that the lapses are much more endurable than perfect execution in which charm and grace are lacking. Those who pass up her "Cäcilie," "Wiegenlied," "Morgen!," "Traum durch die Dämmerung," and, especially, "Zueignung" will be depriving themselves of some of the most expressive sounds they are likely to be offered this year. Zanetti's accompaniments are all "by the book," which is to say that he knows the traditions very well. The sound is frequently over-resonant in its recording (or else so much endowed with electronic echo) as to have no perimeter or boundary. It just goes on and on resonating, which blurs detail and masks verbal definition.
Strauss: Closing Scene (*Salome*). Mozart: "Or sai, chi l'onore" and "Non mi dir" (*Don Giovanni*). Ljuba Welitsch, soprano; with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra conducted by Fritz Reiner. Puccini: Duet (Act I, *Tosca*). Welitsch, and Richard Tucker, tenor; with Max Rudolf conducting; "Vissi d'arte" (*Tosca*). Strauss, J.: Czardas (*Die Fledermaus*) and "Habet Acht" (*Der Zigeunerbaron*). Welitsch, soprano; with Rudolf conducting. Odyssey, mono only, 32 16 0077, $2.49.	Well as one remembers the unique effect Welitsch created as Salome, it takes reacquaintance with the sound of it—intense but innocent, depraved but unspoiled, deadly but pure—to recall what there was about it that made it unique. Whatever the attainments of those who preceded or followed her as Salome, it is hardly arguable that Welitsch came closest to penetrating to the essence of the paradox that Strauss projected. Of course, that included an extraordinary visual image, but this reissue should give some who were denied the experience an idea at least of how she sounded. Reiner's contribution to the totality is no less distinctive in his own way. For my taste, the voice was over-bright for Donna Anna, but no one can question her resolution in "Or sai, chi l'onore" (the first few lines of Don Ottavio are provided by the late Alessio de Paolis), or the emotion that animates "Non mi dir." Florid singing, however, was hardly in her line. Tucker's beautiful sound is a bonus among the side two excerpts, all of them absorbing to hear. Acceptable sound, but it is the art that counts here (and the personality).
Tchaikovsky: Sextet, Op. 60 ("Souvenir de Florence"). Borodin String Quartet with Genrikh Talalyan, viola; and Mstislav Rostropovich, cello. Melodiya/Angel stereo, SR 40036, $5.79; mono, R 40036, $4.79.	Little as the content of this work has to do with Florence (where it was written), it has much to do with Tchaikovsky's richest vein of sentiment, musical skill, and artistic taste. All are embodied in a setting ideally chosen for the material with which he is working. It is, in other words, a work of Tchaikovsky's first quality, not as spacious in design as the string serenade or as abundant in variety as, say, the *Sleeping Beauty* ballet score, but as liberally endowed with ideas unique to him. The pleasures of its company are beautifully dispensed by the excellent ensemble, in which Rostropovich participates as one among equals rather than as honored guest. The recording is also excellent, which places the total result among the best thus far achieved by the Melodiya/Angel collaboration.
Verdi: "Tu che le vanità," "Non pianger, mia compagna" (*Don Carlos*); "Salce, Salce," "Ave Maria" (*Otello*). Puccini: "In quelle trine morbide," "Sola, perduta, abbandonata" (*Manon Lescaut*); "Tu che di gel sei cinta" (*Turandot*); "Un bel dì" (*Madama Butterfly*); "Senza mamma" (*Suor Angelica*); and "O mio babbino caro" (*Gianni Schicchi*). Felicia Weathers, soprano; with the Vienna Opera Orchestra conducted by Argeo Quadri. London stereo, OS 26014; mono, OM 36014, $5.79.	Weathers has a clear beautiful sound and a strong sense of emotional power behind her conceptions of the familiar arias that make up the major portion of these selections. It strikes me, however, that she is inclined to overmatch herself by a class or two in undertaking such matter as "Tu che le vanità" and "In quelle trine morbide," or, rather, in performing them à la Tebaldi rather than à la Weathers. She has a strong tendency to go all out, vocally, which introduces a strident sound into the voice and leaves little sense of power in reserve. On the whole, Miss Weathers achieves a higher artistic result in Puccini than Verdi, and more so with the music of Liù and Cio-Cio-San (her "Un bel dì" is eloquently sung) than Manon Lescaut. Indeed, it is quite possible that, in terms of physical size as well as vocal quality and dramatic temperament, Butterfly would be a role for which she is ideally suited. The two excerpts from the *Triptych* are also well sung. Quadri and the orchestra are given a suitable share of prominence in the recorded total. —I.K.

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Automatic Transports

YOU CAN'T yet think "Schubert: Trout Quintet" at your stereo system and have it automatically respond to your desires; music itself may be a different medium by the time that comes to pass. But there's no doubt that listening convenience is becoming a major theme in the consumer electronics industry.

Exemplifying this trend were the many unusual automatic music players scattered amid the color televisions and table radios of New York's recent Consumer Electronics Show.

There were, of course, plenty of conventional automatic record changers from such well-known firms as BSR, Miracord, Dual, RCA, Telefunken, and others. But the changer in Seeburg's new Stereo Home Music Center was a far from conventional unit. Based on the familiar Seeburg jukebox mechanism, it holds fifty 12-inch LP stereo or monophonic records, enough for roughly seventy-five hours of recorded entertainment.

If you own fifty records or less, you can store your entire record library in the Seeburg unit, and never touch them again. Dial ninety-nine selections on a telephone-type dial, and the Seeburg will store your requests in its memory until all of them have been fulfilled—or you can push an "all play" button to hear the lot of them. Up to twelve remote dial stations may be fitted, permitting you to select or reject records from your basement, bedroom, backyard, or any other remote listening post.

There is one limitation, though: it ignores the order of your dialed pre-selections, playing them only in the order of their placement in the machine. You may, of course, hear your records in any desired order, provided you dial them one side at a time.

Automation is making headway in the tape field, too. Tape cartridge machines, for example, now offer new conveniences beyond their drop-in loading feature. Automatic Radio showed their "Gidget," which lets owners of eight-track cartridge machines play four-track cartridges, too. Kinematix went them one better with a machine that not only plays both types of cartridges (as do many others now) but automatically senses which is which and adjusts itself accordingly. Track switching is silent with either cartridge type, a welcome relief from the hefty click with which most machines switch channels.

Lear Jet showed an automotive model with fast forward to speed the tape ahead to any selection on the cartridge. With this feature, listeners are no longer forced to begin each cartridge precisely where they left off playing it the last time (usually in mid-chorus).

THE fast forward system in the Universal Tapedex eight-track players for the home features a convenience that makers of reel-to-reel recorders would do well to copy. Push a button in the middle of an undesired selection on the tape, and the Tapedex advances rapidly to the beginning of the next selection, whether it's a mere chorus or an entire movement away. Or it can be set to skip all remaining selections, and return you to the beginning of the cartridge's first track—a virtual necessity with classical, language training, or any other cartridge with a meaningful beginning, a middle, and an end. Once the cartridge has played around to its beginning again, the Tapedex automatically ejects it and turns itself off.

There's a new convenience for the cassette system, too: Norelco's new "2502" automatic changer, which holds six cartridges for up to four-and-a-half hours of continuous music. Like all cassette players, it features not only fast forward, but fast rewind as well—the latter not yet available on any machine for the four-track or eight-track endless-loop cartridge systems. Like the Universal Tapedex, the Norelco shuts itself off when its last selection has been played.

First of the tape changers, of course, was the one 3M introduced about three years ago. This cartridge system is unique in that no single-play machines have ever been available for it—every recorder and playback machine in the system has been a changer. Like the cassette system, it uses tape approximately half the width of standard reel-to-reel or cartridge tapes, and operates at 1⅞ inches-per-second tape speed. The cartridges themselves, however, are of single-reel design, with the tape threading automatically out of the cartridge and into the machine for playback and recording, then rewinding automatically before the cartridge is ejected.

The 3M system may well have been among the inspirations for the slowly growing crop of auto-loading, reel-to-reel tape systems. Ampex was first here, with their "1100" and "2100" series: Drop the tape end in a slot, and the rest of the tape winds up onto a permanent, enclosed take-up reel.

Bell & Howell marked their return to the tape recorder field this year with an auto-loading system using a vacuum to draw the tape end off the feed reel and wrap it around a conventional plastic take-up reel. The vacuum system makes a fine, futuristic "whoosh" (rather like a miniature vacuum cleaner) as it loads the tape. Some will consider this a status symbol, others an annoyance—but it operates, in any case, only while the tape is being loaded.

An "audible search" control on the Bell & Howell units lets you locate specific passages on the tape during fast forward or fast rewind (a feature usually found on professional machines alone—and by no means on all of them); an automatically resetting tape counter also aids in quick locations. The power assisted tape transport control adds still more convenience—and it's fun to operate.

BUT perhaps the most newsworthy automation of the show was found in Sony's new Model 760, the world's first automatic changer for reel-to-reel tape recordings. Tape reels are stacked on the Sony's spindle just like discs on a record changer, to be automatically dropped into place, threaded, played, and ejected. The spindle accepts up to five seven-inch, five-inch, or three-inch reels, which may be intermixed. And unlike most record changers (except the Seeburg), the Sony plays both sides of each recording, thanks to its automatic reverse feature.

No matter what form your recordings take, it's getting easier and easier to hear them. Think "Schubert: Trout Quintet" today, and though your stereo system won't pick up your signal, there's a chance some equipment designer has already.

—IVAN BERGER.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: Stage and Screen

PERFORMERS, TITLES, DATA	REPORT
You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown: Music and lyrics by Clark Gesner; Bob Balaban, Gary Burghoff, Bill Hinnant, Reva Rose, and other members of the off-Broadway cast; Joseph Raposo conducting. MGM stereo, SIE-90C, $6.79; mono, IE-90C, $5.79.	*You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown* is not the first musical to evolve from a comic strip, but it is easily the best. Master Brown, it seems unnecessary to say, is one of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," and what a joy it is to find that the fun, foibles, and frustrations of these cartoon imps have been given such amusing voice. Even granted that Charles Gesner's tunes are more notable for energy and bounce than melodic originality, his lyrics succeed in crystalizing the magic of Linus and his blanket, Lucy and her temper, Schroeder and his Beethoven, Snoopy and his supper, Charlie and his ball game. The cast is first rate, as are the musical arrangements by Joseph Raposo.
Hallelujah Baby: Music by Jule Styne; lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; Leslie Uggams, Lillian Hayman, Robert Hooks, Allen Case, Alan Weeks, and other members of the original Broadway cast; Buster Davis conducting. Columbia stereo, KOS 3090, $6.79; mono, KOL 6690, $5.79.	The unusual format of *Hallelujah Baby*—unaging characters moving through sixty years of show business history in general, and Negro stage life in particular—means that a good percentage of the songs look to the past. In some instances, they are caricatures of bygone styles, in others, affectionate re-creations of them; and, even when the parallels are less obvious, a certain old-fashioned razz-a-ma-tazz seems to be firmly woven into the fabric of the score. The songs are greatly varied in quality as well as style, ranging from radiant ("My Own Morning") to irritating ("Smile, Smile"), but the high-powered performances keep everything moving. Leslie Uggams is a winner in her Broadway debut; Robert Hooks is impressive and Allen Case satisfactory as her two admirers. Lillian Hayman nearly steals the show as the warm-hearted, leather-lunged Momma.
Man of La Mancha: Orchestral selections from the musical comedy by Mitch Leigh and Joe Darion; music arranged and conducted by Henri Rene. Kapp stereo, KS 1521, $4.79; mono, KL 1521, $3.79.	Without resorting to mere imitation of the original orchestrations, Henri Rene has devised solid instrumental settings that succeed in conveying the vigor and imaginative ardor of the *Man of La Mancha* score. Not every number flourishes equally well in this songs-without-words treatment ("The Psalm," for instance, loses much of its poignancy, and "A Little Gossip" much of its saucy humor), but "The Impossible Dream," "Dulcinea," "The Barber's Song," and a half-dozen others are effectively arranged and smartly played.
Two for the Road: Music from the film score, composed and conducted by Henry Mancini. RCA Victor stereo, LSP 3802, $4.79; mono, LPM 3802, $3.79.	A typically sleek and sophisticated Mancini score, *Two for the Road* has been whipped up from the usual Mancini recipe. There's a lovely, slow-swinging main theme presented once orchestrally, once with voices, and once again as a going-away present. There are café-style segments with noncommittal titles (e.g., "Something for Audrey"), hunks of jazz, and a mildly anachronistic piece of pseudo-classical salon music. It's all very professional, very pleasant, very listenable, and virtually undistinguishable from *Charade, The Pink Panther,* and a host of earlier Mancini efforts.
The Honeypot: The original motion picture score, composed and conducted by John Addison. United Artists stereo, UAS 5159, $5.79; mono, UAL 4159, $4.79.	With his score for *The Honeypot,* John Addison proves again that he is one of the top craftsmen in the movie music business (his previous credits include *Girl with Green Eyes,* the award-winning *Tom Jones,* and another sweet-titled film, *A Taste of Honey*). Jaunty themes, nimble orchestrations, and a certain continental suavity add up to an entertaining soundtrack outing.
In Like Flint: The original motion picture score, composed and conducted by Jerry Goldsmith. 20th Century Fox stereo, S 4193, $4.79; mono, 4193, $3.79.	Jerry Goldsmith, one of the more recent Hollywood converts to the spy-spoof syndrome, has learned well the standard tricks of the trade. His score for *In Like Flint* is a peppy, but predictable conglomeration of shoot-em-up excitement, who's-hiding-in-the-dark suspense, and man-dig-those-crazy-chicks jazz. There's also some tongue-in-cheek whimsy (i.e. the quoting of *Swan Lake* and *Meadowlands* for a Russian chase scene), a number of electronic effects, and a song called "Your Zowie Face" which, despite its title, is really quite attractive.
Stars of the Silver Screen, 1929-1930: Re-releases of recordings by Sophie Tucker, Dolores del Rio, Gloria Swanson, Helen Kane, Bebe Daniels, Dennis King, John Boles, others. RCA Victor LPV 538, mono only, $4.79.	From Miles Kreuger's informative liner notes, we learn that more movie musicals were made in 1929 than in any year since. Eleven of them are recalled in this nostalgia-laden album, along with one from 1928 and four that held off until 1930. Included are such real gems as Lupe Velez's only recording, "Where Is the Song of Songs for Me"; Charles King strutting along with "Broadway Melody," from the first talking picture to win an Academy Award; "What Wouldn't I Do for that Man," sung by Helen Morgan in her screen debut; and a superb Fanny Brice number, "Cooking Breakfast for the One I Love." There are some marvelously dreadful songs, too (notably "My Mother's Eyes" by George Jessel and "I'm Following You" with the Duncan Sisters), and a couple of familiar items by Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald that are always nice to have around the house. —ROBERT SHERMAN.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Berg's *Lulu* Prologue

IN IRVING KOLODIN'S interesting review of Alban Berg's *Lulu* [MUSIC TO MY EARS, July 8] is a small item that puzzles me. Unfortunately, I am not familiar with Berg's opera, but I am well acquainted with the two *Lulu* plays. Mr. Kolodin writes: "The production devised by Teo Otto takes its cue from Berg's prologue, in which an animal trainer presiding over a fantasy circus menagerie introduces Lulu as the serpent."

This might, of course, be just a matter of speech. But the impression is created that Berg invented the prologue, while this was actually one of Wedekind's most celebrated pieces of poetry. In German performances, traditionally, the whole cast is lined up and Dr. Schön, Schwarz, etc. are pointed out as the lion, monkey, and so on. Wedekind himself delivered the prologue as "Ringmaster" in Reinhard's first production.

If Berg stuck as literally to the plays, as he did to Buechner's *Wozzeck*, he should not be taken to task too much for any intentions other than his musical ones. (But I remember also a famous colleague of Kolodin's claiming that *Wozzeck* was a typical "*Schrecklichkeit*-Creation of the Weimar Republic.)

GERHARD HENSCHKE.
Van Nuys, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The reference to "Berg's prologue" was merely to identify the relation of the production scheme to the score, no "taking to task" either.*

Toscanini "Onlys"

IN HIS REVIEW of the reissues on Seraphim of the Toscanini/BBC recordings [RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, June 24] Irving Kolodin says, "The *Tragic Overture*, of which this is the only Toscanini recording, is tense and well controlled. . . ."

At least two other recordings of the *Overture* exist. One was made with the Philharmonia Orchestra on September 29, 1952, during Toscanini's historic Brahms series with that orchestra. This recording has never been released either here or abroad, but we can hope that it eventually will be. A session with the NBC Symphony on November 22, 1953, also produced a recording of this work, and it was released a few years ago on Victor LM 7026, which was recently withdrawn.

In commenting on the BBC recording of the *Leonore* Overture No. 1, Mr. Kolodin suggests that this is "another 'only' version." As a point of academic interest, there was also another recording of this piece produced in 1944 and released only to servicemen on V-Disk 392. These were never available commercially, however, and likely never will be since the masters were destroyed about 1950.

Finally, despite Mr. Kolodin's warning of the "lo-fi," we would "urge" the purchase of this set as a significant item in Toscanini's recorded legacy, and as a definite contribution to any collection in which these selections are of interest.

BRIAN L. WALLEN.
Champaign, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A version no longer in being or permanently withdrawn can hardly be regarded as one that "exists." The "lo-fi" warning was merely a point of information for those who might not have the opportunity to hear the records before purchase.*

Feuer Fiesta?

I NEVER WRITE smart letters to other people. Yet this linguistic *Feuerfest* mumbo-jumbo goes too far. [The term appeared in "Vintage Strauss," SR, Feb. 25.] How can everybody be so far off the beam with such a simple translation! "Fireproof" is indeed "a pretty goofy rendering." It is worse. So, too, is the editor's "Fire Fast"; it means nothing at all.

Fest, used in conjunction with Strauss and dancing, refers to the word "Feast," like "*Fiesta*," and "*Fête*," *Fête du Feu*, or *Fête au Feu*. The waltz was perhaps to celebrate the Feast of Fire, meaning *Sonnenwende*, summer solstice, when there was dancing going on in the villages, and piles of dry wood being burned on the heights of the country sites all over Central Europe. Or the "Feast of Fire" may be an association with the "Walpurgis Night," when the witches are chased by the village youth with burning broomsticks again lighted on the surrounding heights. Or *Feuerfest* was a reduction of *Feuerwerksfest* which is hard to pronounce. It meant a "Feast with Fireworks," and dancing, of course.

The word *feuerfest*, an adjective, had not and still has not the important place that it has gained in the United States. "Fireproofing" of anything, such as building construction, is largely of American origin.

R. E. VINDRIEHL.
Honolulu, Hawaii

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Like "color fast," "Fire Fast" means fireproof.*

IN THE NOW FAMOUS *Feuerfest* debate, one of the cognates that has thus far been overlooked is *fiesta*, perhaps because it may not be wholly part of the family. Still it is this interpretation which is implied in the excellent notes and cogent translations of Helen Less-Studley for the Vox *Music of the Strauss Family*, VBX 600. For those who have not followed the delightful ramifications of the *fest-Fest* controversy, may she set the matter at rest with "Fire Brigade Festival Polka."

ALFRED W. BECKER,
Chairman,
Foreign Language Department,
State University College.
Buffalo, N.Y.

Merriman and Toscanini

IT WOULD SEEM that you owe an apology to Nan Merriman for omitting her name from the list of (all the other) contributors on Toscanini in your otherwise excellent Toscanini issue [SR, March 25]. Surely, there was room on the front cover for one more.

CLAUDE JONES,
Professor, Bucharest University.
Bucharest, Rumania

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The space noted by Professor Jones did, indeed, include Miss Merriman's name until delay in transmission of*

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her article from Europe made its appearance in the issue doubtful. The alternatives were a name on the cover and no article, or an article (if it arrived) and no name (the cover is printed prior to the main body of the magazine). It did arrive just in time to be printed, but the cover was already running.

Tatum in "Town"

IN HIS ARTICLE, "Third Stream with a Difference" [MOSTLY MODERNISTS, May 13], Martin Williams speaks of an Art Tatum reissue record on 20th Century Fox's cut-price label, "Movietone." I don't find such a label listed in the Schwann Long-Playing Record Catalogue, but I do find "Movietown." Could this be the label Williams is talking about?

ROBERT TREASURE.

Muncie, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Yes.*

Welcome Szymanowski

IN REGARD to his article on the Polish composer Karol Szymanowski ["On Discovering Szymanowski," *SR*, June 24], Oliver Daniel is to be congratulated for an excellent report on a composer who needs to be known not only in Eastern Europe but the entire world. My one objection was that Mr. Daniel failed to mention where you can get recordings on the Muza-Polskie Nagrania label. It's not listed in the Schwann import catalogue, and I wonder if you could give me information on how to get recordings from that label.

DANNY LEDFORD.

Berea, Ky.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The records may be obtained from SESAC Inc., 10 Columbus Circle, New York, New York.*

I HAVE BEEN TRYING to climb on the Szymanowski bandwagon for more than a year, but have found it impossible to obtain any of his major works through my normal record buying channels. According to the Schwann listing, many of these works are available only on the Bruno label, which none of the record stores in this part of the country seem to carry.

Oliver Daniel's article has redoubled my frustration in that he has made the Szymanowski works sound all the more appetizing, but the new recordings are on a label which is totally unfamiliar to me. Could you offer any illumination as to where or how one can obtain either the Muza-Polskie Nagrania records or the Bruno records. Also, are the two sets of performances the same version?

ALVIN K. SWONGER.

Allston, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Nagrania records are available as indicated above. No information is immediately available on Bruno.*

Rossini's Felines

IN HIS ARTICLE, "A New Concert Hall, Moore's Farewell" [THE OTHER SIDE, March 25], Thomas Heinitz wrote of Gerald Moore's farewell recital in February, when two sopranos sang "Rossini's hilarious miaowing duet." Please inform me of the full title of that duet. I presume it's from an opera, and if so, which one? Also, what is the record name of the recital, and under what label has this performance been recorded?

(MRS.) ANNA SHEPARD.

Oak Park, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The piece is one of those included in the nonoperatic collection Rossini called "Sins of My Old Age" and bears the title "Duetto Buffo di Due Gatti" ("Comic Duet of the Two Cats"). The Gerald Moore Farewell is an Angel release which has not yet appeared in this country.*

Congratulations to Korall

CONGRATULATIONS ARE in store for Burt Korall for his informative and interesting jazz article, "Portrait of 'Buddy'" [*SR*, May 27]. His review of the Pacific Jazz album, *Buddy Rich Swingin' New Band* is also to be commended. This is certainly one of the best big-band albums released in many years! Buddy Rich and his explosive band has one of the freshest sounds in jazz today!

DENNIS R. HENDLEY.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Conductor at Glyndebourne

IRVING KOLODIN'S interesting observations on the first venture of Glyndebourne into Puccini, "Day on the Downs, Nights in Town" [MUSIC TO MY EARS, June 10], leaves me puzzled on one account. According to the comment I read, the conductor was identified as John Pritchard. I happen, however, to know that he was engaged in a rehearsal elsewhere that day, and doubt that he would have been in Sussex at the time the performance began. Can you clarify this point for me?

ORCHESTRAL PLAYER.

London, England

EDITOR'S NOTE: *According to the program distributed to the audience, the conductor was John Pritchard. Investigation has disclosed that this was a handbill prepared for all the preview performances, but that the one in question was directed by his young associate Myer Fredman (with no notification to the audience).*

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The Other Side

Continued from page 49

Decca roster after some years of inactivity of Wilhelm Backhaus, whose performances of three Beethoven Sonatas —including Op. 110—exude the experience of one who has been a performer for some seventy years, though his tone now seems even drier than heretofore.

June's EMI issues, apart from the latest Beatles LP which shows this group several steps further along the road from teen-age idols to highbrow cult, include another fascinating disc of Indian music in which the main performers are Ustad Bismillah Khan (on the *shehnai*—an oboe-like wind instrument) and Professor V.G. Jog (violin), who play the kind of competitive duets known as *Jugalbandi*. Menuhin and the Bath Festival Orchestra contribute two Mozart Divertimenti, K136 and K287, the latter given complete in a performance which may lack the Berlin Philharmonic discipline and polish but which is delightfully affectionate and stylish.

ALSO productions of sheer delight are the latest in the Baroque Library series: a collection of harpsichord works by Handel and Couperin, excitingly played by George Malcolm, with vocal music by Monteverdi and Cavalli, edited and directed from the harpsichord by Raymond Leppard. The latter, one of a number of recordings which mark Monteverdi's quartercentenary, brings back memories of the famous prewar album by Nadia Boulanger which first revealed this composer as more than an "important historical figure," for it includes one of the Boulanger gems—the ravishing duet for two tenors, "Zefiro torna." And, taking part in this performance with Gerald English, we find none other than Hugues Cuenod who, almost thirty years ago, sung the same piece *chez* Boulanger! The Cavalli items, though less striking than those of Monteverdi, are also very beautiful, while the performances, further involving Heather Harper and an instrumental ensemble, are admirable and enhanced at every turn by Mr. Leppard's delicious realizations.

Reissues on EMI, always a notable feature nowadays, include the Konwitschny-directed set of *Tannhäuser*, fatally flawed (for me) by Hans Hopf's performance in the title role, and a disc in the Great Instrumentalists series devoted to the art of oboist Leon Goossens. Such records are apt to induce considerable nostalgia, as does a disc bringing back memories of the late Constant Lambert: it includes that famous period piece, "The Rio Grande," as well as excerpts from the ballet *Horoscope*, along with selections from ballets by Bliss and Gavin Gordon, all recorded about twenty years ago. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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(Continued on page 58)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1738

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Came to a stop. Proceeded lamely.	198 108 148 86 164 72
B. Either the very learned person or the one who is barely starting out to be one.	93 36 118 111 191 199 168
C. As much as one can control or manage.	105 121 143 158 183 135 200
D. Greedy requirement (3 wds.)	139 81 64 129 181 122 167 103 152
E. Arousing sadness.	137 25 53 185 56 130 12
F. Forsaken.	195 1 18 112
G. Enervating.	177 186 89 61 162 193 28 142 51 131
H. Brief possession of all mankind, chiefly valued in retrospect (2 wds.)	65 37 66 74 173 80 4 134 150
I. Shaft.	98 170 9 138 136
J. Contained (2 wds.)	132 71 96 180 29 62
K. Niece of the Landgrave of Thuringia.	126 147 70 30 50 149 92 3 174
L. Dull and stagnant living.	38 157 187 84 32 95 115 146 113 140

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. With identity concealed, esp. official identity.	110 35 10 171 83 67 155 184 88
N. Pertaining to the times of equal day and night.	117 153 172 58 192 27 119 91 77 73 107
O. Marse Henry. American Journalist (1840-1921).	145 101 63 44 194 123 7 160 42
P. What Mayor Lindsay calls Manhattan (2 wds.)	16 190 102 125 41 127 14
Q. Characterized by tedious iteration.	151 52 2 39 175 46 197 15 26 21
R. Unexpected ingredient found in Mrs. Murphy's soup.	90 163 79 40 124 176 49 47
S. A cause or source of harm, evil, trouble or vexation.	5 104 54 24 159 76 196 166
T. Rendered conformable to English idiom, usage, analogies, customs.	31 141 43 13 106 114 82 19 75
U. American financier and statesman who served six months as Sec'y of State (1900-1949).	20 133 100 87 109 68 85 33 55 178
V. Forty per cent (2 wds.)	78 161 189 69 6 57 94 45 179
W. Patterned after oneself or itself.	11 154 169 34 120 17 165 48 128 182 59
X. The bowhead of the arctic (2 wds.)	156 60 144 116 8 188 99 23 97 22

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

	1 F	2 Q	3 K	4 H	5 S	6 V	7 O	8 X	9 I	10 M	11 W	12 E	13 T	14 P		15 Q	
16 P	17 W	18 F	19 T	20 U	21 Q	22 X		23 X		24 S	25 E	26 Q	27 N	28 G	29 J	30 K	31 T
32 L	33 U	34 W	35 M		36 B	37 H	38 L	39 Q	40 R	41 P	42 O	43 T		44 O	45 V	46 Q	47 R
	48 W	49 R	50 K	51 G	52 Q	53 E		54 S	55 U	56 E	57 V	58 N	59 W	60 X	61 G	62 J	63 O
64 D	65 H		66 H	67 M	68 U	69 V	70 K	71 J	72 A		73 N	74 H	75 T		76 S	77 N	78 V
79 R	80 H	81 D	82 T	83 M	84 L	85 U	86 A		87 U	88 M		89 G	90 R	91 N	92 K	93 B	94 V
95 L	96 J	97 X		98 I	99 X	100 U		101 O	102 P	103 D	104 S	105 C	106 T	107 N	108 A	109 U	110 M
111 B	112 F		113 L	114 T		115 L	116 X	117 N		118 B	119 N	120 W	121 C	122 D		123 O	124 R
125 P	126 K		127 P	128 W	129 D	130 E	131 G	132 J	133 U	134 H	135 C	136 I		137 E	138 I	139 D	140 L
141 T	142 G	143 C	144 X		145 O	146 L	147 K	148 A		149 K	150 H		151 Q	152 D	153 N	154 W	155 M
156 X	157 L	158 C		159 S	160 O	161 V	162 G	163 R	164 A	165 W		166 S	167 D	168 B		169 W	170 I
171 M	172 N	173 H	174 K	175 Q	176 R	177 G	178 U	179 V		180 J	181 D	182 W	183 C	184 M	185 E	186 G	187 L
	188 X	189 V	190 P	191 B	192 N		193 G	194 O		195 F	196 S	197 Q	198 A	199 B	200 C		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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